CHRISTIAN REGISTER AND BOSTON OBSERVER.

DEVOTED TO UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY, SOUND MORALS, LITERATURE AND NEWS

"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

CHANDLER ROBBINS, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1838. NO. 870--VOL. XVII.—NO. 15.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

NO SPHERE TOO HUMBLE, NO TIME TOO SHORT,

TO ADVANCE THE SAVIOR'S CAUSE.

'Why did you stay so long last night, father?—mother cried.'

Such was the mournful but piercing question of Helen R—— to her father, as he sat at breakfast one morning, when his bloodshot eye and bloated cheek told to older eyes the melancholy reason of his protracted absence. The affectionate earnestness of his artless daughter, scarce four years old, the consciousness of his inability to reply, and the sight of his wife's tears, for the fountain of grief was again unsealed, went like an arrow to his heart, and stirred at once the bitter emotions of his soul. For a moment, its nobler feelings seemed struggling with the indomitable passions that controlled it. Marred by excess as that countenance was, there were still to be traced upon it the lineaments of intellectual greatness. Degraded as he had become, he was yet keenly sensitive, in his reflecting moments, to those nobler affections and sympathies, which, in early life, had characterized him as one of heavenly mould. The inquiry of his daughter, and the heart-broken look of his wife, recalling, and contrasted with, the scenes of his early love, stirred at once a thousand indescribable feelings and recollections in his bosom. He buried his face in his hands, while the tears, spite of himself, coursed down his cheek. Joy beamed on the countenance of anxious affection. Could it be? The fountain of tender emotions unsealed? The spell of vicious habit broken? Was he indeed about to repent—reform—restore to his family peace and happiness—to himself reputation and prosperity? He seized his hat, and hurried away to bury in the revelry of dissipation, and amid the blasphemies of inebriates, every noble sentiment—every human feeling of his heart.

Is there a moment, when woman needs the consolations of religion, when her heart yearns for one on whom to cast her burdens and her sorrows? it is a time like this, when the blackness of darkness shuts down upon her worldly happiness, and the last chord that binds her to earth is seemingly severed. It is then her soul would rise on the wings of faith, and soar to that world where 'the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.' It is then God's word opens its inexhaustible sources of joy, and pours out the rich waters of consolation. It is then, when the clouds of adversity have gathered, and the storms of sorrow thickened and fallen, she seeks that Friend, whom no cloud can obscure, no storm agitate, but whose benignant eye beams serenely through them all, and dispels the midnight gloom of the heart.

'Oh, Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!'

But none of these consolations had Mrs R——. Her soul had never sought peace at its only shrine—the altar of God. With her husband, she had lived for the world, sought happiness in its gayeties, and both were reaping the reward. Their story is briefly told.

Mr R. was the son of a distinguished planter in one of the lower counties of Virginia. In his early life, no pains were spared to inculcate principles of the strictest morality. Descended of a wealthy and aristocratic family, fortune and affection combined to bestow upon him every advantage and accomplishment parental fondness and ambition could dictate. Naturally possessed of a noble, yet aspiring disposition, and endowed with uncommonly strong intellectual powers, these facilities for their cultivation were eagerly seized, and studiously improved. At an early age he entered one of our most distinguished universities. Here his early taught lessons of morality, and the habits of application formed in his previous course, added to his strength of mind, supplied to some extent the place of deep seated religious principle. He went through the fiery ordeal of a college life, comparatively unharmed. The seductions of pleasure, the enticements of college dissipation, had no allurements for him. His fondness for intellectual pursuits, and his native ambition, restrained him in the path of duty, and he graduated with the highest honors of his 'Alma Mater.' Soon after this, he pursued the regular course of law, and entered upon its practice with high anticipations and the most flattering prospects. He fixed his residence near his father's house, and by a systematic attention to business, and a scrupulous honesty and fidelity in its transaction, soon found himself, in common phraseology, completely settled, and ranked as one of the brightest ornaments of the vicinity. Of prepossessing appearance and manners, with an upright character and a happy disposition, he was unrestricted in the selection of one, upon whom to bestow his affections. He found a congenial soul in Caroline B——. The standing of Miss B.'s family in society was equal to that of his own. Her father, originally of great wealth, had sacrificed most of his property in the land speculations which prevailed to a great extent throughout Virginia, at the close of the late war with Great Britain. He had, however, bestowed upon his daughter every accomplishment within the reach of the most wealthy. Of an amiable disposition, she seemed to combine every requisite to secure the affections of her devoted admirer. They were married. Every thing in anticipation was bright and glowing. But one thing was wanting that the reality should correspond. Neither were professors of religion. The very foundation of happiness was as yet unlaid. Public worship was neglected, or if attended, it was by that solemn mockery which thousands practice, whom fashion, or the pride of display, leads to the altar of God, or the insupportable tediousness of a Sabbath morn drives to his house. The Bible was a neglected volume, or if read it was only as if familiarity with the language of heaven would inevitably introduce us to its joys. Their views and hopes all centred in time. Eternity was forgotten.

For a year or two all seemed fair and happy. The birth of a daughter had cemented their union, and furnished another pledge to industry and morality. About this time, however, Mr R. began to associate with a circle of gay companions, who soon obtained a complete ascendancy over him. His puritanic morality became the butt of ridicule. His strict adherence to business was a useless slavery to the occupations of the world, without enjoying its pleasures. 'Live while you may,' was their motto, and its effects were soon visible in Mr R. His business was deserted for the sports of the turf, to which he had become passionately attached. This at once introduced its appendant vices and shame. His home no longer retained its former attractions. His wife's entreaties and tears proved less strong than the persuasions and company of his inebriate associates. We need not repeat the familiar, melancholy tale of business deserted, family forsaken and reduced to penury, and the whole catalogue of evils consequent upon an intemperate husband and father. They all followed. 'Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength.'

Such was the state of things when our readers were introduced to Mr. R. at the breakfast table. Soon after the scene narrated to have taken place there, the daughter was taken violently sick, and for several days lingered on the border of the grave. This seemed to call back the father from the fatal scenes in which for a time he had been an infatuated participant. With his wife, he watched at the bedside of the little sufferer, day by day, as her disease progressed with a rapidity, that soon banished hope, and bade the sorrowing parents prepare for a dissolution of the dearest, and of late nearly the only tie which bound them together. For even amidst the grossest degradation of his powers and affections, the father still developed itself in Mr R. He loved his daughter, although he had neglected her, and his soul was harrowed within him, as he reflected on his previous disregard of that object, towards whom there was now no retrieving past misconduct. His loved Helen, too, was about to enter that unseen world of the Christian's hope and the sinner's fear, and he had never taught her infant lips to lisp in prayer the name of its Heavenly Ruler. Is there a moment when the agonizing pangs of guilt and remorse tear the parent's heart? it is as he stands beside the dying bed of his child, and sees that loved soul, about to wing its way to unknown realms, while the consciousness of his own neglect to prepare it for its flight is full before him. Nay more, his every influence has been to centre its affections upon earth, and prepare it for a welcome reception by earth's eternal foe. He may well fancy even now, its blood, in the agonizing strains of despair, crying from the ground, in accusation of his cruel neglect. His child struggles before him in the agony of death, and he cannot even utter one prayer for its immortal welfare. Worlds would not tempt the Christian to assume the awful responsibility thus resting on that parent's head, or to feel that parent's secret emotions.

The day before her death, Mr R. came to the bedside of his daughter. Turning upon him the calm and expressive look of a sainted sufferer, and stretching towards him her emaciated arms. 'Father,' she said, 'I am glad to see you; I am going to die; I shall go to heaven and live with Christ. O, father, shall I meet *you* there?' Had a revelation from heaven burst upon the astonished father it would hardly have subdued him more. 'Shall I meet *you* there?' in the sweet angelic tones of his dying daughter, rung in his ears, and pierced his soul. His own salvation became with him the subject of enquiry, and together with his wife he soon after found 'peace in believing,' and connected himself with the church. At the time my informant saw him, and heard from his own lips this narration, both were active and influential instructers in the Sabbath school, and honorable and respected members of society.

Helen R——, though less than five years old, had died in all the bright faith and hope of the Christian. What had thus contributed to fix her tender affections on the Savior? All was mystery to the parents. Never had she been taught that happy privilege from their lips or actions. Enquiry solved the mystery. A few weeks before her death, her former nurse, a pious member of a methodist church, had passed through the place, and in spending a few hours with her former charge, had seized the occasion to impress upon her infant mind, the more obvious and simple truths of Christianity. The seed thus sown by the very wayside, soon took root, and brought forth rich and abundant fruit. An illiterate methodist woman had been the means of converting to God an entire family, and the instrument of their restoration to happiness and respectability. Mr R. is now one of the most distinguished lawyers of his native state, while his influence, brought through this poor woman, to aid the cause of religion, is now perhaps telling upon the destiny of thousands. Thus it is God works by the humble and obscure. Jewish fishermen were the first propagators of the truths of the Savior, and the humblest of mankind their first receivers, while from that time to this, comparatively obscure men have been chiefly instrumental in their spread. It is in the cottage, and the cabin, aye in the very hovel often, that they have flourished with greatest luxuriance. Jostled from palaces and halls of wealth, religion has ever assumed the garb, and sat in brightest joy at the fireside of the poor, where her purest followers, as well as at times her most effective advocates, have been found. No truth is brighter on her front, than that, no sphere is too humble to spread her conquests, no station too low to preach her truths. R.

Religious Magazine.

STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

A poor woman was once asked if she had time to read the Bible? 'Yes' said she, 'I take it with my food; I read a chapter in the blessed Gospel every day when I come home to my dinner, and it makes up for the scantiness of my meal. I sometimes hire myself to people who feed me but poorly; they give me so little at meal-times, that I eat in as short a time as it takes me to read the shortest chapter in my Testament. But then I can but think how much better my heavenly Master provides for the wants of my soul, than my earthly one does for the body. He knows I have but little time to take my spiritual food, and he prepares it so that a small portion will nourish me a long time.' She was then asked, if she understood all that she read? 'Bless your heart,' answered she, 'I am a poor ignorant creature, and have no book of knowledge, but the word of God is plain enough to me in all things that I require, and I have no leisure to puzzle over what I can do without. When I am thirsty I go to the spring and drink, I always find good cool water, but I never trouble myself to find out how far the stream runs, or whether it is clear and sweet in other places.'

It would be well for all persons to go to the study of the Holy Scriptures, with the determination to find out and apply to their immediate necessities, the thing which they really and urgently need.—*Philadelphian.*

CURIOUS OPINIONS OF THE HINDOOS RESPECTING THE DEITY.

Mr Bowley remarks—

I went out on the beach by moonlight, and first questioned a devotee thus, 'Pray upon what do you trust for salvation?' 'By repeating the name of Ram I hope to be saved.'—'Would the repeating the name of the judge suffice for the pardon of a criminal?' 'No.'—'How then can you expect forgiveness by the mere repetition of Ram?' The man was evidently embarrassed, especially when he saw several others against his assertion, and therefore was glad to walk off and leave others, who had in the mean time collected, to carry on the discussion. As we proceeded, several Pundits, and gradually a very great multitude, gathered around us, and many among them attempted to defend the Hindoo absurdities, till a certain great devotee and philosopher made his appearance with his learned followers, and seating himself on the bare sands, with his blanket wrapped about him, commenced with a loud voice—while all with profound silence attended—saying, 'Let the learned of this multitude come forward and declare what he has read of the vedas, shasters, etc., and what are the portions he has read and what acquaintance he has with our books. Let him come and prove that the doctrines contained in these books are sound, and worthy of the Deity.' Here several said, that their knowledge was scanty, and not one pretended to know much before this giant of Sanscrit learning; in fact there was no uttering a sentence, but a flood of oratory poured forth which invariably bore down the speaker. Once, as a person attempted to reply to something that had dropped from him, he instantly beckoned to the man to come forth and appear before him; but the poor creature instantly replied, 'Alas! who can dare approach the lion-man incarnation!' in allusion to the roaring and thundering of this pundit. This appropriate answer caused great laughter; however, as no one had the hardihood to come forward in his presence, to make known his pretensions to be a champion and defender of Hindooism, he continued, and related the following anecdote respecting the Hindoo doctrine of the Supreme Being.' He said, 'There were six blind men, who, in search of the Deity, found an elephant; the first man happened to lay his hands upon the leg of the animal, and having felt it from top to bottom, concluded that that was the shape of the Supreme Being, and that he resembled a pillar. The second happened to lay his hands on the ear of the elephant, and felt satisfied that the Deity was of the form of a winnow. The third laid his hands on the tail of the elephant, and having handled it from top to bottom, made sure that the self-existent Being was like that. The fourth blind man, happening to lay his hands on the proboscis, made sure that God was like it. The fifth man, feeling the head of the elephant, said he was like a globe: and the sixth, who happened to lay his hands on the back, said that the Deity was like a pavement. These blind men,' continued he, 'being considered the most learned, an assembly was convened to hear them describe the Supreme Being, for the edification of all; when each one differed from his neighbor, according to the idea he had formed in his own mind of the Deity. The consequence was, that a quarrel soon ensued, to the confusion of all.' The man now applied what he had related, and compared the six blind men to the six Hindoo Shasters which had caused all the confusion and disagreement, respecting God among the Hindoos; and hence he accounted for the discordant opinions prevalent among them; and now, turning to us, he said, 'If you have any knowledge of God superior to this, and worthy of being received, pray make it known to the assembled multitude; if not, here I am, according to the vedas, etc., the self-existent being, and besides me there is no God, and none can refute me.'

While I was proceeding, one or two attempts were made to stir up this Hindoo Goliath against me; but he checked them, by saying, that he should not fail to encounter me the moment he saw just cause, or any proper ground for so doing. With the exception of this momentary interruption, the whole multitude, as well as their champion, continued as quiet as so many statues; and when I had concluded, no opposition was made, but, contrariwise, admiration burst forth from every direction. It being now eleven at night, we arose to return to our boat; but before we could do so, a brahmin invited us to some learned devotees, who he said would be glad to see us; but this we doubted. The man, however, having failed in this attempt to hear something more from us, in less than ten minutes afterward solicited an interview, and came into our boat, saying that he had heard with profound awe and admiration all that had been said, and found himself deeply impressed —*Missionary Herald.*

PIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE SWISS.

It is the custom in the valleys of the canton of Berne, whenever the father of a family builds house, and the walls are raised to their full height, to request the minister of the parish to pray to God inside.—The workmen, and such as are to assist in finishing the house, meet together, and unite in thanking the Lord for his care hitherto, and entreat a continuance of it, through the more dangerous part that remains. 'This prayer,' observes M. Paulet, the pastor of Coutelary, 'when made in faith, redoubles one's strength, and removes all fear of danger.' 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' observed an old carpenter to the same minister, when he advised him not to expose himself too incautiously. A blessing terminates this pious ceremony; the workmen return to their labors, and the noise of hammers begins to be heard again. How pleasing it is to see a practical acknowledgment of the truth, 'Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.'

The following custom is also general among the inhabitants of the Alps. The shepherd's horn in the Alpine regions is the signal for a solemn and religious duty, and is used for a much more noble purpose than the mere return of the cattle from their pasturage. When the sun has quitted the valley, and his lingering beams still cast a glow of fading light on the snowy summits of the mountains, the shepherd, whose hut is placed on the highest alp, grasps his horn, and pronounces, through his speaking trumpet, the solemn injunction to the world below, 'Praise ye the Lord.' Every shepherd in the neighborhood, who catches this sound in succession, repeats the same sentence at the door of his cabin. Thus perhaps for a quarter of an hour, the cliffs and rocky precipices fling to each other oft repeated echoes of the sublime 'Praise ye the Lord.' A solemn stillness succeeds the last reverberation, and all kneel bare headed, and in silent devotion, till darkness rests upon the earth, and veils the towering mountains. Again the horn sounds, and the peaceful, 'good night!' once more awakens the echoes. Hills, vales, and rocky cliffs, and all, sink to rest.—*Oriental Key to the Scriptures.*

SIAMESE TEMPLES.

It remains to describe the wats. Within the city and its suburbs are about one hundred. Upon these the Siamese concentrate all their wealth, and taste, and hearts. As might therefore be expected, the temples far surpass, in richness and beauty, all their other buildings, the king's palace even not excepted. The best locations are chosen for them. The amount of ground occupied by a single wat and its appurtenances is from three to five acres. A wat consists, generally, of one, two, or more, large and lofty buildings in the centre of the plot. They are constructed of brick. Massive pillars support the centre and roof of their spacious verandahs. The whole is neatly covered with a white cement, which gives the brick somewhat the appearance of marble. The doors are very large and numerous. The windows are closed with double shutters, made of thick plank. Both these and the doors are finished in the richest style. Some are ornamented with many varieties of colored glass, cut into small pieces, and set so as to represent various images. Some are finished with a profusion of gliding, others are thickly set with pearls. There is much in their external appearance to remind one of the churches in Christian lands. Each has but a single room, which, were it not for an immense gilded image of Budha, seated on a throne at its farther extremity, would give the visitor an impression that he was in the house of the living God: with but slight alterations they would be well adapted to public preaching. Is it too much to expect that some of them ere long will be converted into Christian churches?

These large buildings are surrounded by small pagodas, many of whose spires are gilded. Their bases are set with party-colored glass and earthen wares of the most showy character. They give a splendid appearance at a distance, but are found to be coarse on close inspection. Some of the pagodas display huge and frightful representations of Budha, some display a variety of evil spirits, and some represent, or design to represent, souls suffering the torments of hell-fire. In the back ground are the houses of the priests. Their workmanship is plainer than that of the buildings already described, yet they are tasty and spacious. There are generally from four to six of these houses at each wat. Dormitories are so many and spacious as to lodge comfortably a hundred priests, which is probably about the average number inhabiting every wat in Bankok. There are many other smaller structures designed chiefly to give variety and taste to the sacred enclosures, such as bowers, marble platforms, monuments, etc. The ground between the chief buildings and in front of them, is very pleasantly diversified by brick, marble, and granite pavements. Shade-trees and shrubbery are of rich variety, with flowers of beautiful hue. Some of the older wats have become so thick and dark with trees and are so frequented by crows and other birds, they seem somewhat like a superb castle in the wilderness.—*Missionary Herald.*

ATHEISTS REPROVED.

In Morellet's Memoirs of the French Revolution the author gives a description of the state of society in Paris, at that time, when all the outworks of morality were destroyed, and even the *existence of a God* was doubted by many well educated men who styled themselves *philosophers.*

One evening, when a large company, consisting among others of Diderot, Roux, and other professors of Atheism, were assembled together, the conversation as usual turned upon the subject of religion, which was ridiculed by these philosophers—many sarcasms of a blasphemous tendency were uttered, and the creation of the world, and the whole organization of matter was of course ascribed to chance. The Abbe Galiani, who was distinguished for piety and good sense, listened for some time to this discussion in silence. At length disgusted at the impiety of their morals, he abruptly addressed the philosophers as follows:—*Mercantile Journal.*

'Let me suppose that one of you gentlemen, who believe that this world is the production of chance, were to go to a gaming table, and that your adversary were to throw seizance once, twice, thrice, four, five, and six times running, our friend Diderot would lose his money, and think the devil was in the dice. Very well; the game proceeds, and your adversary still goes on throwing his main of seven, and without variation or interruption, wins every stake. Diderot will now lose his temper as well as his money; he will swear that the dice are loaded—that the adversary is a blackleg, and that the house is a *hell!* Ah, Mr Philosopher! because the same sides of two dice come uppermost ten or a dozen times, and you lose a few shillings, you firmly believe that it is caused by a trick, an art, a combination, by, in short, a *master swindler* and his subservient tools: and yet seeing in the universe around you, millions of combinations, more regular, more difficult, more complicated, and all certain—all useful—all beautiful—you never suspect that the *dice of nature* are loaded, that there is indeed an art, a combination, and a *Master Intelligence* above, who regulates the great play by his subservient tools, and confounds the reason and the skill of such short sighted gamesters as you.'

ANECDOTES OF DR RUSH.

On preaching. The doctor once informed me that when he was a young man, he had been invited on some occasion to dine in company with Robert Morris, Esq., a man celebrated for the part he took in the American revolution. It so happened that the company had waited some time for Mr Morris, who, on his appearance, apologized for detaining them, by saying that he had been engaged in reading a sermon of a clergyman who had just gone to England to receive orders. 'Well, Mr Morris,' said the doctor, 'how did you like the sermon? I have heard it highly extolled.' 'Why, doctor,' said he, 'I did not like it at all. It is too smooth and tame for me.' 'Mr Morris,' replied the doctor, 'what sort of a sermon do you like?' 'I like, sir,' replied Mr Morris, 'that preaching which drives a man up into the corner of his pew, and makes him think the devil is after him.'

I heard him reprove his medical class once for restlessness, during one of his lectures, by saying, 'Gentlemen, I fear I do not make you happy. The happy are always contented.' This gentle rebuke pleased me so well that after lecture I thanked him for it, observing that 'when occasion should offer, I would try the effect of it upon my congregation.' 'No' said the doctor, 'I hope you will not. It is no compliment to a minister of the Gospel to reprove his congregation for inattention. He should be able to keep their attention.' Adding that 'Dr M.'s congregations were always attentive.'

Dr Rush was perhaps one of the most untiring students that ever lived. Two young physicians were conversing in his presence once, and one of them said 'When I finished my studies'—'When you finished your studies!' said the doctor abruptly, 'Why, you must be a happy man to have finished so young.' I do not expect to finish mine while I live.'

The writer once asked him, how he had been able to collect such an immense amount of information and facts as his publications and lectures contained. 'I have been enabled to do it' replied he, 'by economizing my time as Mr Wesley did. I have not lost one hour in amusement for the last thirty years.' And taking a small note book from his pocket, and showing it to me, he said, 'I fill such a book as this once a week with observations and thoughts which occur to me, and facts collected in the rooms of my patients, and these are all preserved and used.'

Dr Rush was a great enemy to theatrical amusements. He told me that he was once in conversation with a lady, a professor of religion, who was speaking of the pleasure she anticipated at the theatre, in the evening. 'What madam,' said he, 'do you go to the theatre?' 'Yes,' was the reply: 'and don't you go? Do you think it sinful?' said she. He replied, 'I never will publish to the world that I think Jesus Christ a hard master and religion an unsatisfying portion, which I should do if I went on to the devil's ground in quest of happiness.' This argument was short but conclusive. The lady determined not to go.

(From the New Orleans Observer.)

PARTING OF THE SOUL AND BODY.

Soul. Pained and wearied body, we must part—intimate and tender has been our union—long hast thou served me, but thy fainting strength declares that thy term of service is finished. Frail, perishing, but loved companion, do we part in peace.

Body. Spark of immortal life, before thou leavest me take my forgiveness.

Soul. Alas! how have I wronged thee? Hast thou not often clogged my best aspirations, defeated my purposes by thy infirmity, and dragged me from heaven to earth? Think how I have cherished thee, and painfully participated in all thy weaknesses and afflicting diseases.

Body. Thou hast: but remember, O soul, how frequently thou hast over-tasked my weakness—I was appointed thy servant, hast thou not sometimes made me thy slave? If my earthliness has retarded thee, how often, oh! how often, hast thou made it an excuse for thy slothfulness! Thou hast injured my powers in the pursuit of vain and sinful pleasures—thou hast sapped my strength and impaired my vigor, by the indulgence of turbulent passions and fretting cares. How have thy conflicts worn and irritated my nerves? How have I sympathized with thee through nights of sleepless anxiety? How many tears hast thou caused me to weep? How many errands of mercy have I not done for thee, and how many steps hast thou forced me to take in the paths of folly? Oh, my soul, hast thou indeed used me, and all my powers, for the purpose which my Creator intended?

Soul. Companion of my mortal journey, thou art right. I have sinned against thee. Thou camest from God's hand perishing but pure: it is I that have sullied thee with a taint of my own depravity. Grant thy forgiveness, and grant it the readier, oh friend, in that I have sought pardon from One who, in receiving me, will restore thee also. He, who has cleansed me in His blood, will not forget thee, fading image of dust. I first shall reach my destined home, and shall contemplate His glory, and adore His mercy for ages, while thou art sleeping. But thou and I shall meet again. I shall resume thee, not as now, a trembling, awe-struck spirit, but a pure and happy intelligence—and thou re-moulded by his His Almighty power, like unto His own glorious body, shall no longer impede the soul that inhabits thee, but be my glad co-helper in the world of light. Even now I perceive the hand of Death is palsying thy powers; even now, that hand is unloosing the mysterious bond which so long has joined us. Instrument of my passions—agent of my follies, witness not against me. Garment of clay! farewell, till the heavens be no more. AGNES.

[From the Christian Reformer.]

HUGUONOT MARRIAGE SERVICE.

Witcomb, Isle of Wight, Nov. 5, 1836.

SIR,—I have in my possession a copy of the nuptial celebration practised by the Huguonots of Nismes, the printer's date 1664; a translation of it, with a few omissions, may perhaps be acceptable at the present epoch.

At the conclusion of the general prayer on the Lord's day, the officiating minister having taken his station at the communion table, and the candidates for the yoke having taken theirs, he begins—

'The Great God! our Father who is in Heaven, having created man in his own image, a similitude of Himself, and given him dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, is said to have said within himself, "It is not good for man to be alone," and therefore proceeded to prepare "an help mate for him."

(Here the two accounts of the creation of woman are read. Gen i. and ii.)

'"Therefore,' continues the sacred historian, 'must a man leave his father and his mother and cleave unto his wife,' and to her only.—The husband must love his wife, as Jesus loved the church for which he laid down his life—that is, unto death.

'In like manner must the wife cleave unto the husband, and love him and abide with him in all holiness and gentleness, till death shall part them.

'From the solemnization of this ordinance, instituted by God, the husband is no longer his own; he is consecrated to his wife; he is hers: in like manner the wife is no longer her own; she is sacred to her husband; she is his! Nor may either of them violate the sanctity they owe to each other: ye are temples of the living God; and if any one pollute those sanctuaries, him will God destroy: what God hath conjoined, may no one disjoin!'

(Here 1 Cor vii. is read, which certainly might be better read at home.) This over, the minister proceeds:

'You A, and you B, are aware that the solemn contract into which you are about to enter is the ordinance of God. Are you prepared to *live together* as the Most High requires in holy bond; in the sacred wedlock which God appointed, and Jesus honored by his first miracle?

'As you evidently indicate by appearing, as you appear before *this* holy congregation, to await its assent, is it your fixed intention so to live with each other?

'A. "It is!" B. "It is!"

Looking around on the congregation, 'I call,' says the minister, 'on every one here present, who witnesses what we do; I call on you, I intreat you; I beseech you; speak *now!* recollect yourselves and say—Is there any impediment, which should hinder this pair; this man, and this woman, from being united in holy matrimony; as in the presence of the great God? I charge you SPEAK!

'Since there exists no obstacle to it,

'You A, avow before God and his holy congregation, that you have chosen this B, to be your wife! You pledge yourself to watch over her! To love her; to cherish her, as a faithful and affectionate husband ought to watch over, love, and cherish the wife of his bosom; to live with her in hallowed sanctity; constant and true to her to the last; according to the ordinance of God and the Gospel!

'A. "I pledge myself so to do!"

'You B, avow before God and his holy congregation that you have chosen this A, for your husband! You pledge yourself to him—to be his help-mate: to serve and obey him in love: to be constant and true to him, in every thing, as an affectionate wife ought to be; according to the ordinance of God and the Gospel!

'B. "I pledge myself so to do!"

'Then, the Lord! the Lord God! confirms your hallowed purpose; and in his name be it accomplished: the Lord, the Lord God who hath called you in his grace and mercy to this holy estate, pour out his Holy Spirit upon you; that you may serve him in unity and honor him with one accord.

'Amen, Amen, Amen!

'Receive the instructions above read—pronounced by Jesus—recorded by his Evangeliststs, and know! and be ye sure, that as the Most High has joined your hands He will require it of you that you keep your pledges and live together in affection, in holiness, in peace, in unity, condescending to each other, faithful to each other, true to each other, as God hath commanded.

'Let us pray with one heart and one soul.

'O Thou! All powerful, All wise, All good, who from the beginning didst foresee that it could not be good for man to be alone, and therefore didst prepare a meet helpmate for

him, and command that the two should no longer be two, but one; we humbly pray, we devoutly beseech Thee, that as Thou hast been pleased to call these thy servants to the holy state of nuptial union, Thou wouldst also be pleased, in thy grace and mercy, to bestow upon them the rich effusions of thy favor; that in true and holy love, in *fidelity* not to be shaken, in mutual *tenderness* and *sympathy* they may live; subduing every evil propensity, in constant kindness and correctness edifying each other, blessing each other, blessed by Thee, as were the patriarchs of old, blessings to the community; that, nurtured and admonished in the Lord, their children may rise up to call them *blessed*, with them to praise and serve Thee, to their own *good*, to the good of those around them, a general blessing!

'Hear us, O Lord! God of all mercy! through our Lord Jesus Christ.—Amen.

'The Lord bless you—the Lord keep you—and cause his face to shine upon you! In fulness of grace, and in all good may you live long, in holiness, in happiness!

'Amen! Amen! Amen!'

This service is beautiful; it is touching; it is solemn! In every respect appropriate to the covenant contracted; the effect of which is to last to eternity: its olden ideas, and olden modes of expression are of course modernised: but whether in olden or modern verbiage, it comes from the heart—it goes to the heart; and hard must the heart be which cannot be affected by it. The practice of solemnization on the Lord's day, in the midst of the services of the day, is perhaps worthy of all imitation: there cannot be too many witnesses to the bond; and scarcely, under such a regime, could there be any improper marriages: nor can those who have been long wedded be reminded of the obligations they have taken upon themselves too often. Would it not be an improvement were the bridegroom, on pronouncing '*I pledge myself so to do*,' to give the bride his hand, and the bride, on her pronouncing 'I pledge myself so to do,' to offer her hand and receive the ring? The ring is a sort of household god; it is a constant remembrancer of a circle of duties never to be interrupted, but in sacrilege; never to be modified, never compromised! The Scriptures appropriate to the occasion were better read from the pulpit, before the ceremony begins. It should be as short as possible; it cannot but be painful to a blushing, timid female to stand long in the fixed gaze of the congregation.

W. Hughes.

The Beauty of Prayer.—Oh, the easy and happy resource the poor soul hath to the high throne of heaven! We stay not for the holding out of a golden sceptre to crave our admission, before which our presence would be presumption and death. No hour is unseasonable no person too base, no words too homely, no fact too hard, no opportunity too great. We speak familiarly, we are heard, answered, comforted. Another while, God interchangeably speaks unto us, by the secret voice of his Spirit, or by the audible sound of his word; we hear, adore, answer him; by both which the mind so communicates itself to God, and hath God so plentifully communicated unto it, that hereby it grows to such a habit of heavenliness, as that now it wants nothing, but dissolution, of full glory.—*Joseph Hall.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr Editor,—A late article in your paper has given me much pain. What does our friend who writes against 'Long Prayers' go to Church for? To hear a smooth essay on the progress of opinion or the beauty of a snow-drop—or, does he go to be touched in his inmost soul with penitence, and be moved and won by the pleadings of a dying Savior's love, and converted by the holy spirit of God to continually growing holiness? If this latter be the motive, which Christian charity would fain hope, then how contradictory, not to say absurd, to cast away the most immediate and powerful means for that end—prayer—the prayers of the sanctuary poured out through the lips of a fervent and affectionate pastor who feels every word he utters and for that reason cannot help 'being particular' and coming home to his fellow men's bosoms?

Ay, I am afraid they do not love to pray who thus condemn others' prayers for their exceeding the scanty limit of a few minutes. At least, that is my experience. I frankly confess that after some years intimate intercourse with Christians of various denominations and widely differing practices on all other subjects, I never knew one censurer of his minister's length of prayer, who himself had any regular communion with God in his closet or family circle.

If a man is engaged, if his soul is kindled with celestial fire and an angel of God seems to have touched his lips with a live coal from the altar, he cannot pour out his soul too freely for me: if he prays as if he were saying mechanically, from memory, unmeaning phrases, he cannot pray short enough—rather, I will pray for him that God may awaken his dead soul and cause his light to shine from the golden candlestick of the sanctuary as of one that loved prayer. The formal prayer-maker is tedious; if he prayed one minute, not less so than if he parrotted away for a full hour.

But I go to Church for prayer, quite as much as for preaching. Nay I can read at home as good sermons as I commonly hear; and if either service be dispensed with, I say let it be the commentator of God's word, not the utterance of deep wants and yet deeper confessions of sins, which belong to me and the great assembly in solemn audience with my Maker and Judge.

I have long felt anxious that our Churches should adopt some better posture than their present one in devotion. Kneeling is to me the most true attitude—but our Church-buildings will not many of them admit of this. The Presbyterian Church generally sit in prayer, with the face bent forward and covered. This on many accounts I prefer. It is not an unnatural position: it cannot be wearisome like standing, it prevents casual interruption of the thoughts from surrounding objects.

And to my opinion, I add that of one of the most eminent ministers of our denomination, now in a distant land, who often regretted in my presence that this custom was not observed amongst us. May it not be introduced?

Yours, F. W.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Christian Comforts.—To give you comforts while you are puffed up with high thoughts of yourself would be to give you a strong cordial in a high fever. Religion keeps back her cordials till the patient is lowered and emptied —emptied of self. If you had a wound, it must be examined and cleansed; ay, and probed too, before it would be safe to put on a healing plaster. Curing it to the outward eye, while it was corrupt at bottom, would only bring on a mortification, and you would be a dead man, while you trusted that the plaster was curing you. You must be, indeed, a Christian, before you can be entitled to the comforts of Christianity.

KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST.

How dry and sapless are the voluminous discourses of philosophers, compared with this sentence: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' Well might St Paul then say, that he determined to know nothing but Christ, and him crucified. Christ crucified is the library which triumphant souls will be studying to all eternity. This is the true medicine of the soul, which cures all its maladies and distempers. Other knowledge makes men's minds giddy and turgid; this settles and composes them; other knowledge is apt to swell men into high conceit and opinion of themselves; this brings them to the truest view of themselves, and thereby to humiliation and sobriety; other knowledge leaves men's hearts as it found them; this purifies and makes them better.—*Bishop Stillingfleet.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

REV. GEORGE PUTNAM'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Mr Editor,—We listened with an uncommon degree of satisfaction, a few evenings since, among a very numerous and flattering audience to a lecture that has been recently delivered more than once in your vicinity, on the subject of Temperance, by the Rev. George Putnam.

It is an effort well worthy the highly popular talents of the author, and even as a literay production must take a high stand among the numerous writings that have been called forth during the progress of the Temperance reform.

But as a powerful argumentative appeal to the good sense and reason of his hearers, upon the right side of an important question, it is invaluable. The high tone of moral feeling which pervaded the whole lecture, the intellectual power and force of argument which it throughout displays, and the very fair and candid manner in which the opinions of opponents are alluded to, cannot but recommend it strongly to every candid mind. We unhesitatingly give it the preference to all we have heard up on the subject, and their number is not small. Opponents to this cause from the first have endeavored to sneer out of countenance the friends of the reform by such epithets as 'cold-water folks,' but the said 'cold water folks,' have long ceased but to glory in the name,—those opponents may now rail at their ultraisms and conservative friends may cry, in the language of the lecturer, 'too fast and too far,' but until they can answer the powerful argument, of that lecture alone, they ought not to be listened to. Let them refute that reasoning, in our humble opinion, most conclusive, and the cry of 'too fast and too far' will be more plausible. Particularly were we pleased with the very fair and candid manner in which the lecturer alluded to those who differed from him in their views on this subject. There can be no possible advantage in calling those, whom charity would make us believe do honestly differ from us in opinion, by the harsh epithets of 'murderers, fratricides' &c. If the worst consequences do indirectly arise to the community through their agency, we should remember that the business of the rum-seller has in former days received the highest countenance of the community. If others at the present day continue of the same opinion, though it be in the face of the most powerful arguments—though it be to the manifest and severe injury of the community, they are not to be set right in theory or in practice by heaping on their heads harsh and unchristian epithets, even though the truth will bear them out. There are few men who are willing to acknowledge that their minds are not certainly open to conviction,—who will say they are not willing to canvass the grounds of their opinions and conduct. Let them be dealt with as reasonable men, and you will either make them the firmest of converts, or at least respectful and candid opponents. But even if they openly declare themselves blind to all reason, their opposition will only be made more bitter by the use of such terms.

Another great recommendation of this valuable lecture is, that it goes upon the only true and safe Temperance ground of entire abstinence from *all* intoxicating drinks. It would not censure the honest laborer for the use of his rum, and at the same time give the more costly, but as intoxicating wine-cup to his employer. In this particular we may justly expect the happiest results from this most happy effort of the talented author. It must be a most cheering support to those already pledged to the cause, and cannot but carry conviction to all others who give to it candid consideration. Although Mr Putnam has been listened to by large congregations, yet we sincerely hope, that the press will be allowed to put in a more permanent form, and give a still wider circulation to what must prove a powerful assistant to the friends of the Temperance reform. S. E.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

SERMONS ETC.

It is well known that in former times Clergymen, especially in New England, were in the habit of multiplying the *divisions* and *heads* of their discourses to a needless and inconvenient extent; making distinctions where there were no real differences; and in many instances substituting form in the place of substance. The practice at the present day has extended to the other extremes. Perhaps this is more seen in our Unitarian Churches than in any other. Both extremes have their inconveniences; and, as usual, probably truth lies between them. I would respectfully say that a change in our modern practice in the above particular would be a very useful improvement. A Clergyman who is accustomed to writing sermons, and who, from the nature of his studies is constantly familiarizing his mind with theological works, and who is habituated to the use of elegant language in which he discusses his subject, pursues his arguments and imparts his instructions, insensibly expresses himself in terms which are often not readily comprehended by common minds: he forgets that his subject is not so familiar to the minds of his audience as it is to himself: and this leads him too often to leave his hearers to draw inferences which he should draw himself: omitting links of a chain for his hearers to put in their proper places, instead of making the chain complete himself; in this way *links* are *lost* and the chain does not form the intended connection. *Clearness* of expression is of immense importance in a sermon delivered before a congregation, composed of persons and minds of numerous characters. *Simplicity* is essential in producing this clearness, and *order* is essential to simplicity. On this head I respect and admire the opinion of the late lamented Bernard Whitman. When a Clergyman, after naming his text, (which perhaps he never selected until after he had completed his sermon,) commences by presenting a variety of bold or striking propositions and sentences: having no apparent connection with the text, though just and sound in themselves, and then proceeds in displays of argument and various views of man, his duties and dangers, the minds of the congregation are left without direction, and lose the influence of what they are hearing, while endeavoring to ascertain the manner of its application on the conclusion to which it is designed to lead. Suppose an advocate when he rises to address a jury should at once, and without any preparatory remarks or intimation of any arrangement as to the facts to be examined, the principles to be discussed or the arguments to be urged, proceed to talk and argue about facts and principles in general, as his ideas should happen to present themselves. He might amuse and confuse the jury, but would not enlighten them. Surely he ought to state his points and propositions—the course he is going to pursue and the order and classification of the facts and principles to be examined and enforced. Having done this, the jury would not only understand him clearly, but be able to see the force or propriety of his address and form a correct idea of the merits of it. It is equally an aid and relief to a congregation for the speaker when he has named his text, and explained it, if it requires particular explanation, to open his discourse with a clear statement of the object of it and the mode in which he proposes to consider it, and announce such a division of it into a few heads as will simplify the instructions he has proposed himself to give them. Having done this, every observation will be duly appreciated and understood and properly applied by the audience. Such a course leaves them at liberty to listen with attention, without any anxiety lest they should lose any of the instruction prepared for them. Again many minds require that proofs should be varied and presented in different forms to produce conviction: they require that impressions should be repeated in order to become distinct and durable: hence the great advantage of illustration; and of stating cases by way of illustration. Religious instruction should be so prepared and presented to an audience that every mind and heart may see and feel its blessed influence.

Too many Clergymen read their sermons as though no persons were present to hear them. When they are thus presented, they seem to be mere *Essays*, not addresses from a pastor to his flock: not the pouring out of the affections of the heart; not as urgent invitations to the weary and heavy laden to find rest to their souls: not as messages from heaven to wanderers to repent and return to the path of life: not as the language of encouragement and the pathos of persuasion: not as the 'medicine of life' and the consolation of the heart. A congregation should be addressed with the tongue and the eye: with the gentle view of persuasion and the power of eternal truth. They should be addressed, not under the name of 'my Brethren'—No, that is exclusive of wives, mothers and daughters,—but under the comprehensive name of 'my Friends'—or 'my Hearers. If we wish to command a person's attention, we *address* him. His attention is an *answer* to our address.

A Layman.

Heavenly Mindedness.—Consider a heavenly mind (says Richard Baxter) as a joyful mind: this is the nearest and the truest way to comfort; and without this you must needs be uncomfortable. Can a man be at a fire, and not be warm? Can your heart be in heaven and not have comfort? What could make such frozen, uncomfortable Christians, but living so far as they do from heaven? If we would but keep these hearts above, what a spring would be within us, and all our graces be fresh and green.

All who remember the beautiful article, entitled, Our Birth Days, from the pen of the venerable Judge Mellen; will need no indication from us to direct their attention to the following, no less charming effusion from the same distinguished source.

(From the Knickerbocker for April)

An unblemished life of more than three score years and ten, and an extensive knowledge of society and social intercourse, impart to the monitions of our venerable correspondent an added interest and value. They are especially worthy of earnest heed by all the newly-married, 'whose name is legion.'

Eds. Knickerbocker.

OUR WEDDING-DAYS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'OUR BIRTH-DAYS,' IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

The commemoration of interesting events, is a practice which has prevailed in all ages, and in all parts of the world. It is founded on rational principles, and at the same time is intimately connected with the heart, and its strongest feelings. The very universality of the custom furnishes proof that it has been considered as having a pleasant and salutary influence. It has, and always was intended to have, a direct tendency to revive, continue, and strengthen, those principles, or those feelings, in which the commemorated event had its origin, and from which its peculiar interest is derived. Few, if any events in life, are of a more tender and permanent interest than marriage, or leading to such all-important consequences. Formed, as this enduring contract is, amidst a thousand delightful associations and promises of happiness, it would seem that the anniversary of the wedding-day would call up recollections of an exciting nature, and spread around it charms of peculiar value. It is found useful, and gratifying to our feelings, as citizens, to celebrate the day of our country's independence, and revive the patriotic ardor which gave it birth. Is it not equally gratifying and useful, for husband and wife to celebrate the happy day when they affectionately joined in a declaration of confiding *dependence on each other*, during the journey of life, for their comforts, prosperity, and peace? The anniversary of such an era should awaken all their sensibilities, and deepen the impressions made upon their hearts on that day when their destinies were united. Memory was not given to us merely as a treasury of common and ordinary facts, to serve as aids or monitors to us in transacting the business of the world, nor even to furnish us with intellectual assistance, in our advance toward the heights of learning, in its various departments. On the contrary, pleasure, as well as utility, was designed to be promoted, by indulging in the exercise of this wonderful power. The heart and affections, as well as the mind and reasoning faculties, were intended to derive from this power of recollection unnumbered pleasures; sometimes exhilarating, sometimes composing, sometimes spreading around us 'the sunshine of the soul;' at others, charming us in the soft shades of peaceful contemplation. Such being the uses of memory, in its magic operations, we should avail ourselves of them as far as we can, and enjoy them as delicate materials in the lovely manufacture of domestic happiness, and the preservation of that inestimable 'article,' in all its original polish, brightness, and beauty. If some should be inclined to consider my arguments Utopian, they should remember that Hope has extensive possessions in Utopia, and is often regaling herself in visiting and admiring them. Beside, hope leads us on to the obtainment of valuable results, by stimulating us to exertion. In this world we seldom overtake all we pursue, or reach those elevations to which we are prone to aspire. The moralist inculcates principles which all should reverence and obey, though he does not anticipate that such success will attend his labors. Much *may* be done to promote the object in view, and, therefore, much *should* be done for that purpose and that reason.

Every 'happy pair' at the altar consider the moment when they exchange their vows, as the happiest they have ever enjoyed; as the blushing morning of a long summer day of unclouded beauty, that will continue through life. Then all around is full of hope and promise. It is true, no human power can prevent this delightful day from losing a portion of its loveliness; unwelcome events must, at times, have their influence; novelty must cease to be novelty; cares will command, and often distract attention. Sickness and sorrow may darken and surround the dwellings of the most fortunate; and death may enter them; but all these circumstances are so many arguments in favor of every measure which may have a tendency to lessen the influence and the consequences resulting from the causes above enumerated. In such circumstances, what can be more natural, and more comforting to them, than to look back to the hour of their union, as a verdant and sunny spot on life's journey, and usually in its beautiful spring-time, and recollect what were the causes which then made them so happy, and then ask themselves whether those causes have the same influence on their first anniversary, as they had at the commencement of the first year of their married life; and, if the answer is in the negative, then to inquire, why this influence has been impaired, and what is the cause of it. When every thing around is declaring the effects of time, and never-ceasing changes—too many of them having a direct tendency to weaken the more gentle affections, and strengthen those with which the heart has no connexion—surely it is the part of wisdom to 'keep the heart with all diligence,' as the most certain mode of preserving the domestic and social atmosphere in a state of calmness and purity. It is of no importance whether this couple were married in May or December; among flowers and zephyrs, or storms and snow-banks. Their hearts formed their thermometer, and that indicated that there all was summer. It is probable that they calculated, as most others do, that their stock of love then in possession would continue unimpaired, without any particular attention on their part. If they reasoned at all, they may fairly be supposed to have thus reasoned. But my advice to all who are about entering on life's journey, arm in arm, is to remember that, for wise reasons, the manna in the wilderness was supplied *daily*, with the exception of one day in the week; and that it was to be sought and gathered *every morning*, in a sufficient quantity for the day. Even so it should be with those who have joined their hands, hearts, and fortunes, for life's pilgrimage, (with the *omission*, as the gownsmen might express it, of the *exception* above stated.) Kindness, gentleness, sweetness of disposition, suavity of manner, and a constant desire to please, manifested by *both* of the parties, should furnish each day the manna of love, in such happy measure, as to answer all the claims of the day; and the sooner it is gathered in the morning, and the provision is made for the day, the more sweet, refreshing, and salutary, it will prove.

As I have a high respect for the ladies, I will not be so uncivil as to suppose that the 'honey-moon,' in the instance under consideration, did not pass away amid smiles and sunshine; and probably the first year will be seldom disturbed by any unpleasant scenes or cloudy weather; and of course their first anniversary will be one of mutual congratulation. Should that prove to be the case, it will be strange if they should not at once perceive why it is so, and profit by the discovery. They will find that it is because the spirit of their affections had not evaporated, but that, almost unconsciously, they had been nourishing them by those means which formed the golden chain that first united them. The day thus employed, will teach them how easily they may keep that chain bright during the second year. The anniversary of our wedding days should be understood and improved as a day of calm retrospection, review, and resolution—a review of duties performed and duties neglected, and of the consequences which have followed—and a resolution jointly made to correct what the parties, on such review, shall have found unfriendly to their happiness, by disturbing those fountains of it which ought to have been preserved in purity; and with warm hearts, and feelings of mutual forgiveness, to persevere in all those nameless modes of pleasing, which they shall have found to possess such a persuasive influence.

The amiable and lamented M'Kenzie, when speaking of the charms of domestic life, and the means of multiplying and diffusing them, says, (though I cannot quote his language,) that the discharge of the great duties of the wife, the husband will claim of her as *his right*; but her smiles, her courtesies, the music of her voice, her kindness, her cheerful welcome, and watchful attentions, which render the stream of domestic life so sparkling, he will thankfully receive *as favors*; 'and, trust me,' says he, 'there is nothing so sweet as turning these little things to so precious a use.' And perhaps the same remark might be made, with equal propriety, as to the great duties of the husband, and the tender assiduities and sympathy he is in the habit of manifesting, always so soothing and delightful to an affectionate and confiding wife.

If on any subsequent anniversaries, the review of the next preceding year should present family cares and differences of opinion on several subjects incident to their situation, as having ruffled their tempers for a while, and occasioned unpleasant countenances, and short answers, they should seriously inquire what occasioned those things. If the differences were of importance, they adopted a very unwise method to remove them. Calm persuasion would have promised a much better result. If the differences were about trifles, both parties ought to have confessed their folly, and been ashamed of their repetition. In numberless instances, these petty and unreasonable jars arise from the love of debate, and fondness for victory. Consultation and debate are very different things. In the former, some useful result or purpose is the object, and discussion may enlighten both their minds. In the latter, victory, or display, or the *last word*, is the ridiculous point to be gained; and in gaining it, both parties become inflamed, and temporary alienation is the consequence. How many dinners and suppers have been untasted, or tasteless, on this account, and how many evenings been spent in silence, and by the wife, in tears! And yet from such worthless trifles, proceed pains and sorrows, so much to be lamented. Let me caution young couples especially, never to commence these dangerous experiments: their consequences may be lasting as life; and to their peace, unless corrected, they will be death. Let them remember these suggestions on their anniversaries; let them review them carefully, and resolve that they shall not be repeated. I am not now supposing that either of the parties indulges in any open habits which tarnish the moral character in society; I aim only at those follies, imprudences and faults, which mar the peace of the family circle, and 'pour in poison to the bowl of joy.' Leave debates to Congress. Nine-tenths of those we hear in that honorable body, prove their own uselessness and irritating tendency.* Such anniversaries as I am recommending, if wisely improved, would in a few years become days of jubilee. They would have a benign influence on the minds of young children. They are constantly looking to their parents and to their examples; and they naturally presume that such examples may be safely followed, until they begin to perceive their pernicious tendency and consequences. Alas! how many of them have such tendency, when not early corrected! But on the contrary, when all is harmony between those who preside in the domestic circle, similar harmony will generally be found among the children. The immense responsibility of parents in this particular, is not suitably regarded. Gentleness usually meets with gentleness in return. Urbanity and courtesy are the essentials of politeness; and where can these be more happily exercised, than by those who, from the nature of their union, must soon become intimately acquainted with each other's peculiar tastes, habits, modes of thinking and reasoning, failings, and propensities? It is a mark of true politeness, in view of these things, to show a spirit of accommodation, as far as it can be done with innocence; and more especially is it necessary, where the affections of the heart are intimately concerned, as they are, in the preservation of domestic purity and peace. How many houses have been consumed by *shavings!*—and merely because they were not removed in season, and placed where they could not be inflamed; or because, if inflamed by some imprudence, they were not immediately extinguished by the joint efforts of those who would be the greatest sufferers by their own neglect. According to the common course of events, every succeeding anniversary celebration will present some new subjects of review, pleasant or unpleasant. The parties may find themselves in some new situation; calling for the exercise of new powers and new virtues, and opening to their view new sources of comfort, which they might have enjoyed, had they been duly attentive to their own dearest interests. In such circumstances, the careful review of the past will secure blessings in future. '*Prima virtus est vitio carere.*' The first step toward amendment, is to leave the path of error. Each past year should be read and studied, as a book full of instruction and animating encouragement. It may also be considered as a mirror, in which our married pair may see not only themselves, but their imprudences; their faults, their passions, their improvements, and increased happiness. Again, each anniversary may be compared to a mount, from which they can look back and see the course they have been travelling, through the year that has bidden them farewell; whether it has been a direct or a crooked one; whether through useless wilds and dangerous passages, or through fields abounding in blessings, and over peaceful plains, and under a healthy climate; or, in a word, whether they have availed themselves of the advantages they enjoyed, by a judicious and thankful use of them, or wasted their moral health and real blessings, by indulging in mutual complaints, or cold indifference.

I cannot persuade myself that a careful attention to these suggestions, with a sincere desire to derive instruction from the annual commemoration of our wedding-days, in thanking heaven for what we enjoy, and reviewing the various scenes in which we have been placed during the preceding year, would not be attended with visible and substantial advantages. It would teach us self-examination and self-correction; make us better acquainted with ourselves, and more deserving of the respect and esteem of the good and praiseworthy, and increase our own happiness. Every one is bound, on all occasions, to regulate his temper, by a consideration of the train of unpleasant and often pernicious effects which are caused by its improper indulgence; as every soldier is under the obligations imposed upon him, in consequence of his station, to be respectful and obedient to his commander. But the married pair, on the anniversaries of their wedding-day, should consider themselves as a soldier does, when standing on duty as a sentinel, bound to a more strict observance of approaching danger, by a careful and critical attention, from whatever quarter it might present itself.

To conclude: *Home*, in all cases, is the spot where the young passions and affections first display themselves. Here too often, in consequence of mismanagement, these passions are indulged and inflamed, and these affections are corrupted and debased, by bad examples, and dangerous counsels. Thus these passions gain strength, by freedom from restraint, and running riot in society, they produce crime and devastation. And home, 'sweet home,' of the sweet song, when under proper discipline, and the mild administration of virtuous domestic rulers, is the garden where such passions and affections, thus planted in a genial soil, are cherished with tenderness and care; and, under the guidance of parental instruction and example, are ripened into virtues and graces, and steady principles of morality and religion, which adorn and bless the community. Of this garden, there are flowers and fruits, which, though they may sometimes seem to be chilled by the atmosphere of this world, yet will survive even the cold night of death, and flourish in immortal bloom, beyond the winter of the grave.

Senex.

* Possibly this testimony, from one long a member of the National Legislature, may hereafter prevent some mouthing congressional orator from occupying more than four days of the people's time in the delivery of a stupid speech, for home consumption.

Eds. Knickerbocker.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

'A VOICE FROM RAMAH.'

Mr Editor,—In behalf of the suffering I would fain borrow your speaking trumpet. They who heard the sermon of Rev. Mr Peabody on the evening of Fast day, on which occasion 'the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches' celebrated their anniversary may need no other appeal to their Benevolent sympathies. It was truly a pathetic exposition of the moral exposures of the poor and the need of further efforts in their behalf. Nor was that necessity at all overstated, as I have occasion to know and may testify from personal observation.

I trust the discourse to which I refer will be published and have its desired effect in strengthening the purposes of the Fraternity with regard to the erection of another chapel. Ill timed, indeed, such a purpose might seem to be were it not for the paramount importance of the object. There is no gainsaying the excuse of 'hard times,' yet this community must have changed its character if it allow any truly benevolent enterprise to lack support.

We are all riding the billows at a various risk;—some in crank argosies and some in crazy shallops,—but none surely with greater hazard than the poor man in his bark canoe, with broken oars and without a rudder. His lot is indeed the desert, whether on sea or land. Too often he hath not where to lay his head. But whatever other privilege he may lack, for heaven's sake let us give him the privilege of God's house,—the refuge of a sanctuary for at least one day in seven. It is not every man who can get even that. Many are they to whom the Sabbath is the most unwelcome day in the week, because to them its only portion is idleness or to sit with a brooding melancholy in some cheerless hovel.

Many are they who wander moodily on the wharf or in the street upon the Sabbath, whose stillness only adds to their horrors, because to them its peace is not that of religious privilege. On other days they find some relief from this ennui in the very rattle of a cart over the pavements. However little they may participate in the stir of business on the working day, yet is there some diversion offered to their minds in the very bustle of active life. It saves them from suicide. But on the Lord's day, when the sounds of excitement have ceased, God only knows the dark workings of their unoccupied spirits. I might tell you how madly their minds eat themselves up then, and how in place of a working day's excitement they substitute the rattle of the dice box in subterranean dens, or, if above ground, how they group sluggishly on the sunny side of a street with a *gossiping* conspiracy; but these matters are the notorious and almost necessary alternative of restless minds shut out as these men are, not only from the usual scenes of secular pursuits, but from the places of religious worship. One thing is certain,—something ought to be done to gather such men under better influences on the Sabbath, and the sooner it is done the better.

J. T. S.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 14, 1838.

We very cheerfully insert the following letter from Dr Samuel Willard of Deerfield, from which our Readers will learn that he was not the author of the note that accompanied the Circular, which we published a week or two since, from the pen of the Rev. T. S. Clark. Our mistake was a very natural one: for the note from Deerfield bore the signature S. W. and not S. W. Jr., as it seems it should have done.

The reason why the Circular was sent to us for publication was, that the first Congregational Society, in Deerfield, at a regular meeting, voted to publish it in two different papers, and appointed a Committee of two, to have this done; of which commitee Samuel Willard Jr. was one; who, as his colleague was engaged in other business, made the communication to the Register, and accidentally omitted the appendage, Jr.

Deerfield, April 7th, 1838.

My dear Sir,—From the editorial remarks, accompanying the letter of the Rev. Tertius S. Clark, published in your columns on the 31st ult., there appears to have been a misapprehension in regard to the author of the communication from Deerfield. I wish it to be understood by my friends, that the circular of Mr C. was forwarded to you without my agency or knowledge. I was not in Deerfield at the time. In saying this, I do not mean to cast any blame on those who requested the publication. It was perhaps right and expedient to expose the secret means employed for promoting party divisions. As little would I appear insensible to your kindness in the remarks you made, so far as they related to me, or the pertinence of them in other respects. I am afraid, however, that in taking on myself the business of exposing the circular of Mr C., as I may be thought to have done, I may appear to have acted from a excitement, which I was as far from feeling as I would be from manifesting. The last thirty years of my life have been spent to the purpose, if I have not learned to bear with composure the reproaches cast on me as well as on many wiser and better men than myself, by those who give no decisive evidence that they are acquainted, either with our characters, or our sentiments. In respect to the members of the Orthodox Society in Deerfield, nearly all of them were once my parishioners, and, with few or no exceptions, they have always professed a regard for me. So far as I know, very few of them have as yet rendered themselves responsible for the use that has been made of the circular, and it is to be hoped that for the sake

of Christian peace, and everything most dear and sacred in religion, they will not only disavow the letter, but be more cautious in future of resorting to 'accusers of the brethren,' for aid in promoting the cause of Christ.

SAMUEL WILLARD.

We would briefly add, that we did not argue from the language of the note from Deerfield—and we feel confident such was the fact with all unprejudiced readers—that the writer was under the influence of any undue excitement, or was even in the least degree discomposed by the reproachful and uncharitable tone of the Circular. It was right and proper that the manœuvre should be exposed. And it was done, according to our judgment, in an entirely unexceptionable manner.

That we felt a little honest indignation, in behalf of the venerable Ex-pastor of Deerfield, and of our numerous kindred in the flesh and in the spirit, and we may add also, of the truth which we reverence and love, and manifested a little of the same emotion in our comments upon the affair, is, we hope, excusable. For. *Baptized Infidelity* is not a very smooth epithet with which to taunt men grown grey in a holy life, and a religion which we honor—be it never so blindly—as the faith once delivered to the saints.

We cannot forbear to say, in conclusion, nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the spirit of Dr Willard's letter and that of the Minister of Stockbridge; and, while we would commend the amiable, dignified, and courteous tone of the former to the serious regard of the author of the circular, we shall certainly endeavor for ourself to study, as we admire it.

N. B. Since the above has been in type, we have received a letter from *Mr Henry Hoyt*, (the individual recommended in the Circular of Rev. T. S. Clark) with a request that we would publish it in the Register. This we cannot consent to do, for many reasons.

It does not attempt to palliate or deny the impropriety of the language of the circular, or of the method resorted to to undermine the Unitarian Parish in Deerfield; which were the only points upon which we remarked, or with which we have any concern. It does not state that the gentleman *who sent us* a copy of the circular was guilty of any thing worthy of censure. All it asserts is, that a certain respectable Physician first obtained a sight and copy of the circular by *dishonorable* means.

If this be true, we shall be very sorry. But this is altogether a private concern, to be settled between Mr Hoyt and the Physician himself. We cannot lend our columns to personal criminations and abuse; and least of all, before such a weighty matter as this, which involves the reputation of a man of some note, for integrity and honor, has been *investigated*, and all the facts in the case properly substantiated, by the examination of *both* parties.

The circular was sent to us for publication by vote of the Society in Deerfield, and was a proper document to be commented upon—therefore, Mr Hoyt very properly attaches no blame to ourself for having inserted and remarked upon it. How a copy of it was originally obtained, we did not think of enquiring; for it did not seem very wonderful that a *circular to many churches*, should come to the light, somewhere—even though it might be never so much for the interest and credit of its *circulators*, to keep it secret from those whom it calumniated. We advise all Christians to engage in no manœuvres that need to be disguised, and kept in darkness, but to deal plainly and fairly, as those who love the truth and come to the light.

REV. MR SEWALL OF SCITUATE.

It is known to many of our Readers that this esteemed brother in the ministry, has been seriously afflicted for many years with a dangerous and distressing malady, arising from the pressure of the bone of the skull upon the brain. They, and all our friends will read with great interest and sincere sympathy, the following description of a delicate surgical operation which has been performed upon his head, at the Hospital in this city, by means of which an entire and permanent recovery will doubtless be secured.

We cannot speak in terms of too high commendation of the skill and intrepidity of the eminent surgeon by whose careful and nice hand the operation was so successfully made; nor refrain from expressing our admiration of the courage and serenity with which Mr Sewall subjected himself to the pain and risk which must have attended the attempt to effect a cure.

Thank God for the happy event. May many years of health and distinguished usefulness follow this blessed relief of the brain which, in spite of disease and pain, has nobly and patiently toiled in the cause of learning and virtue during a protracted season of weariness and suffering.

Epilepsy cured by Trepanning.—On a morning visit, last week, to the Massachusetts General Hospital, we saw the Rev. E. Q. Sewall, of Scituate, a patient of the institution, whose case is so remarkable that we intend hereafter to publish a complete history of it from the beginning, with a view of placing on permanent medical record a most interesting triumph of surgical skill.

Without at all anticipating the details of the proposed report, suffice it to say, that owing to a diseased condition of the bones of the skull on the left and upper surface of the head, Mr Sewall had not only been in constant pain, more or less, for twelve years, but he was subject to sudden and violent fits, as they are commonly denominated, which sometimes coutinued, without interruption, nearly two hours. Twice or three times, of late, he was thus instantly bereft of consciousness, and thrown into violent spasms, while officiating in the church of which he is the pastor. Under these circumstances, he came to Boston for advice. Dr George Hayward, after examining into all the circumstances, was convinced that the only mode of relieving an obvious pressure on the brain, was to take out a portion of bone at the point which seemed to be the focus of disease. He accordingly trepanned the gentleman, taking out a button of bone about three quarters of an inch in diameter. Although the pain of the operation was intense, the patient did not utter a complaint, and on the instant of raising the bone from the brain, he said he had not been so perfectly free from pain in twelve years before. There has been no return of epilepsy; the wound is nearly healed; he feels well, looks well, and, to our apprehension, will soon return to his church and society in perfect health. The pulsations of the brain are now seen on the head, precisely as we notice them over the fontanelles of young children.

Owing to compression of the brain, its functions were interrupted, and the whole machinery of the body thrown at times into irregular spasmodic action, which was destructive to health, and was continually growing worse. To the ingenuity and science of Dr Hayward, therefore, he owes his life; and the community will rejoice, with the sufferer and his friends, in the goodness of that Providence who has thus restored him to health and happiness.—*Medical Journal.*

MR PEABODY'S SERMON, AND THE CHAPEL THAT IS TO BE.

Mr Peabody's sermon on the Anniversary of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, is universally spoken of in terms of high commendation. We hope it will soon appear in Print. Few hearts could resist the genuine pathos of its appeals, and no rational mind refuse to yield to the truth and power of its reasoning in behalf of the wants and claims of the Poor.

There is every reason to hope that a new chapel will speedily be erected for the Rev. Mr Sargent at the South end. A lively interest is awakened in the matter, and liberal contributions have been already made. That it is absolutely needed, in order to the best prosecution of the plans and objects of the Fraternity of Churches, there can be no doubt; and if the funds which will be requisite for its erection are not forth coming, it will be the first time that the benevolent members of our denomination in this City, have not cheerfully and promptly met any expense, that was clearly proved to be demanded for purposes of religion or philanthropy. We see the corner stone of the new chapel, already laid in the benevolent sympathies and proved munificence of our fellow citizens, as plainly, as if the soil of the chosen spot were opened, and hammer, rope and lever were plied in the straining arms of the artizan.

SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

We have already referred to the two published volumes of the series of Translations under the above title, which Rev. George Ripley is editing, assisted by several distinguished literary gentlemen. The manner in which Mr Ripley has executed his own portion of the series, reflects distinguished credit upon himself, and furnishes a beautiful model to those who have undertaken the successive volumes. His translation is executed with the most scholar-like grace and accuracy; while it is at the same time, so easy and unaffected, that one can hardly divest himself of the impression that he is reading an original essay.

The Introductory remarks and copious notes by the Translator, admirably illustrate the genius and theories of the three Philosophers, from whose writings the *miscellanies* are extracted, and make the general reader sufficiently familiar, not only with their personal history, but also with the history and comparative merits of the already very eminent and fast growing school of Philosophy, of which Cousin, Jouffroy, and Constant are amongst the most prominent lights and masters.

The following extract will give to our Readers as fair a specimen as we can conveniently select for our columns, of the style of the Translation, and of the peculiarity of Cousin's philosophical speculations.

THE MORAL LAW AND LIBERTY.

The moral law can command only a free will. The moral world is that of liberty. Wherever there is a free determination, a voluntary and deliberate act, there is the spiritual world. Now we live, we subsist, only by continual acts of liberty and will. The spiritual world therefore is already present to us upon the earth. We live, in some sort, on the confines of two separate kingdoms, of which we form the mysterious union. We need not pierce the shadows of the tomb, in order to penerate into Heaven. Heaven already exists in the heart of the free man; *et cælum et virtus*, says Lucan. I am a citizen of the invisible empire of free and active intelligences. But what is the determination of my will which reveals this invisible world to my eyes? Demand it of conscience. Observe when you do your duty, and Heaven will appear to you at the bottom of your heart. It is not by reasonings that we acquire a conviction of the spiritual world; it is by a free act of virtue, which is always followed by an act of faith in moral beauty, and by an internal view of God and of Heaven.

I am acted upon by the sensible world, and the impression which I receive is an occasion for the exercise of my will. My will in its turn determines a change in the sensible world. This is the ordinary course of human life, in which the will is manifested only in consequence of sensible movements, and by means of sensible movements. But do more than this. Retain your will within itself; let it act without any external manifestation; let its free determinations not depart from the inward sanctuary; do not seek to mark your volition by sensible effects; and you will then be wholly enfranchised from the material world; your life becomes completely spiritual; you have ascended to the source of true activity; you have gained possession of the Holy, the Pure, the Divine; you have an internal view of the divine life which is revealed in your own. To place ourselves beyond the conditions of sense; to will, without regard to the consequences of our will; to will, independently of every antecedent and of every consequent; to rest our determinations upon themselves; this is true liberty, the commencement of Eternity. We may speak of liberty, of holiness, of purity; but we merely put words together, unless we are enfranchised in our own souls. It is the doctrine of Christianity, that we can enjoy the true sense of eternal life, only when we renounce the world and its aims Then, faith in the Eternal enters into the heart. In fine, according to the images of Christian truth, we must lay down our lives, and be born again, before we can see the kingdom of Heaven.

Philosophy is nothing but the view of the soul, in its broadest generalization. If the will is confined to the sensible world, how can we believe in holiness and in another life? We shall regard Eternity as a fable, or our faith in it will be merely a prejudice. We must reform our lives, in order to reform philosophy. The light of the intellect is but darkness without the light of virtue. Could but the soul of the last Brutus, could the soul of Saint Louis have related their inward history, what a noble moral psychology should we have had!

The Infinite and Eternal Will is revealed to us in our conscience, in that supreme law, 'Will what is good;' and the human individual will unites with the Infinite Will, in freely obeying its voice. This is the great mystery of Eternity discovering itself to Humanity, and of Humanity freely clothing itself with Eternity. The whole man is included in this mystery; inorality therefore is the source of all truth; and the true light resides in the depths of the free and voluntary activity.

Here is an incontestable fact of consciousness, and one, which at the same time is simple, and incapable of being decomposed.

'Do what is good, without regard to consequences; that is to say, will what is good.'

Since this command has no visible, material, terrestrial object, applicable to the wants of this life and of this sensible world, it follows, either that it has no object, no end, or there is an invisible object, an invisible end, and it has reference to a world different from our own, where the external movements which result from our volitions are not taken into account, where our volitions themselves are every thing.

If there be no invisible world, where all our holy volitions are regarded, what is the end of virtue on this earth? What good purpose does it serve? Is it necessary to the mechanism of the Universe? Is the civilization of the globe its object? Or the amelioration of human destiny in point of local and physical advantages? Or the peace of the world? Or the greatest moral developement of the human race, as the condition of its greatest perfection in general, and of its greatest happiness?

For all these objects, there would be no need of virtue. The Deity might have constructed machines without liberty; and he would then have had a sufficiently delightful spectacle, if he had wished only for the spectacle of happiness. But, it may be said, he wished for the production of it by ourselves. This will never take place. Universal happiness on earth is a chimera. Besides, the Deity, in order to accomplish this object, might have dispensed with giving to us the moral law and conscience: selfishness would have been enough. Observe that in the sensible word it matters little why a fact takes place, provided it does take place. Enlighten my selfishness still more, or increase the power of my natural sympathy, I should do as much or perhaps more good to others than by the single sentiment of duty.

We should always bear in mind the following principles.

1. The consequences of an action, whatever they may be, do not render it either morally good or bad; the intention is every thing. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a moral action; nothing but moral intentions.

2. An intention cannot be morally good, unless it be disinterested

3. All intentions are regarded as interested, where there is a personal reference. Thus, to do any thing for the sake of honor, of glory, of applause, of pleasure, whether sensual or intellectual, whether external or internal; for the sake of hearing it said that we are generous, or of being able to say so to ourselves; for the sake of rewards, whether on earth or in Heaven,—all this is equally foreign to the sphere of morality.

4. Those actions which proceed from the influence of organization, are regarded as indifferent. Thus, the man, who led away by an irresistible impulse of pity and sympathy, hazards his life for the safety of another, is not yet a moral being.

5. He is regarded as a moral being, who, after having weighed an action and found it just, performs it only because he believes that he ought to perform it, for the single motive that it is just.

We understand that the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., D. D., has been chosen to preach the Annual Discourse before the Book and Pamphlet Society, whose Anniversary will be celebrated on one of the evenings of the Convention week, in May next.

The late lamented Edward D. Bangs, has left the sum of four hundred dollars to the Mount Auburn Cemetery, for the improvement and ornament of the grounds. Also the sum of four hundred dollars to the Rev. Dr Bancroft's society in Worcester for the purchase of a library.

CICERO DE ORATORE, *with English Notes by* C. K. DILLAWAY—2 vols.

These beautiful additions to our library of the Classics, are welcomed with a feeling very similar to that with which one receives back, after a long separation, a friend of former years, who has been journeying in a far country, gathering bloom and beauty to his countenance, refinement to his manners, and sterling graces to his mind and heart. Cicero De Oratore, in the days when the classics were our study, day and night, was always a favorite; and has afforded us many hours of refreshment and inspiration.

Amidst graver studies and multiplied cares, this friend of our youth had been put away and almost forgotten, until Mr Dillaway's courtesy placed it again under our eye, renewed in every thing but its intrinsic excellence.

These volumes are indeed, in form and execution—as well mechanical as literary—models of what school books ought to be. We can give no higher commendation to the Editor, than to say, that the present work is a fitting successor to the preceding numbers of the series of which it is a part, and altogether worthy of an experienced instructer and a true classical scholar.

The Unveiled Heart, a simple story, by the author of 'The Black Velvet Bracelet,' 'Annette Warrington,' 'Early Impressions,' &c. Second edition. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1838.

This book was received with considerable favor at the time of its first publication. It contains an interesting story, well told, and intended to illustrate important morals. That class of readers for whom it was particularly designed, 'those young beings who stand on the threshold of life, dazzled by its allurements, and ignorant of its dangers,' will doubtless derive especial benefit from its perusal.

THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR APRIL, a very interesting and valuable number, is for sale at the Bookstore of Otis, Broaders, & Co.

SCRAPS.

Paganini's Fourth String.—In order to refute the many tales and rumors relative to the occasion which induced the celebrated *virtuoso* to acquire such a wonderful power of execution on the fourth string of the violin, an Italian publication has lately given the following particulars, professedly in the words of the great master himself;—

'At Lucca I always led the orchestra whenever the reigning family attended the opera. I was also frequently sent into the Court circle, and I gave a grand concert every fortnight. The Princess Eliza (Baccicocchi, Napoleon's sister) always retired before the conclusion, because the harmonic notes of my instrument affected her nerves too powerfully. A very amiable lady, whom I had long since secretly adored, was frequently present at these parties, and I soon perceived that a pleasing secret attracted her also to me. Our mutual passion imperceptibly gained strength. One day I promised in the next concert to surprise her with a musical piece of gallantry, which should have a reference to the terms upon which we stood. At the same time I caused the Court to be apprised that I meant to perform a new composition, with the title of a 'A Love Scene.' General curiosity was excited; but what was the amazement of the company when I entered with a violin which had but two strings! I had left only the G and the E string. The latter was intended to express all the feelings of a young female; the former to imitate the voice of a despairing lover. In this manner I executed a kind of impassioned dialogue, in which the tenderest tones succeeded expressions of jealousy. At one time they were caressing—at another, tearful accords, cries of anger and of rapture, of pain and of felicity. A reconciliation formed the close; the lovers, more enamored than ever of each other, performed a pas de deux, which terminated in a brilliant coda. This 'Scene' was highly applauded. I say nothing of the deilghted looks which the lady of my thoughts cast upon me. The Princess Eliza, after loading me with praises, said to me, flatteringly, 'You have done the impossible on two strings; would not a single one be enough for your talent.' I promised immediately to make the trial. This idea flattered my imagination, and in a few weeks I composed for the fourth string a sonata entitled Napoleon, which I performed on the 25th of August, before a numerous and brilliant court. The success surpassed my expectations. From that time dates my predilection for the G string. People were never tired of listening to my pieces composed for that string. As one keeps learning from day to day, so I gradually attained that proficiency, in which there ought now to be nothing astonishing.'

The first American edition of the Bible.—It was nearly two hundred years after the first English colony was planted in America, before the Bible was printed on this continent, if Sower's German and Elliott's Indian editions are excepted—the latter by the Society for propagating the Gospel in New England. The first English edition ever printed in America was in 1782, by Mr Robert Aitken, at a great pecuniary risk on his part. It was patronised and recommended by Congress, on the report of their Chaplains, the late excellent Bishop White and the Rev. William Duffield, then the pastor of the third Presbyterian Church, in Pine street. Congress approved the undertaking as subserving the interests of religion and an instance of the progress of the arts in this country. This specimen of typographical enterprise will excite a smile at this day. The speculation was deemed so hazardous and arduous at a time when twenty towns and villages of note had been destroyed by the enemy, and the capitals of several States were in their possession, that it gained Mr Aitken much celebrity.—*U. S. Lit. Gaz.*

A Great Swiss Calf.—A Swiss shepherd, well known in the mountains of the Oberland of Berne for his success in the milk trade, recently constructed an elegant house in the place of his chalet. In the excess of his pride he has erected in the centre of his pavillion a staircase, the steps of which are washed with milk, and by which his servant Catharine, his cow Brœndel, and his dog Rhyn ascend and descend *ad libitum*.

CONGRESS.

According to usage the business of the two Houses was suspended on Monday and Tuesday, in consequence of the death of Mr McKim, and the ceremonies at his funeral.

In the Senate on Wednesday, several reports and resolutions were presented. The bill from the House for the relief of the heirs of Robert Fulton was read twice and referred. The bill for the Civil and Diplomatic expenses of the Government was taken up, and an amendment respecting the manner of expending the Post Office appropriation, dispensing with the specification of the branches of expenditure, was discussed and passed. The question being taken on the whole bill, it passed to a third reading.

The Army Appropriation Bill was ordered to a third reading.

A bill providing that all money furnished for the payment of pensions, which is not called for in six months after the time when it is placed in the hands of the Pension Agent, shall be returned to the Treasury; and that pensioners demanding the money after that time, shall apply for it at the Treasury Department, was taken up, and on motion of Mr Hubbard, amended so as to read 'eight months,' with which amendment the bill passed.

The Senate went into Executive session before adjourning.

In the House, a number of petitions relating to the late duel were presented.

The rules were suspended to permit Mr Graham to offer a resolution, that after Monday the daily hour of meeting shall be eleven o'clock. The resolution was agreed to.

In the Senate, on Thursday, a number of petitions were presented by different members. The bill to establish a criminal court in the District of Columbia was read a third time, and passed

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill prohibiting giving and accepting challenges to duels. The bill was discussed by Messrs. Smith, of Conn, Pierce, Preston, Grundy and Prentiss, but without taking any question on it the Senate, after a short executive session, adjourned.

In the House, Mr McCormick was reappointed postmaster of the House.

The bill making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of government was taken up, and the amendment passed yesterday in the Senate, was concurred in. The bill now only wants the signature of the President to become a law. The pension bill came in from the Senate, with an amendment, which was concurred in. Several bills from the Senate chiefly private, were read for the first time and referred.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

In the Senate, Wednesday, April 4th, Bills passed to be enacted, concerning the Fishing Insurance Company in Provincetown; to increase the salaries of the Judge and Register of Probate for the county of Dukes; to repeal the charters of the Franklin and Middlesex Banks.

Resolves passed on the subject of duelling; for the payment of the Commissioners for publishing the special laws.

The Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill to establish the Old Colony Railroad corporation. Said bill was farther amended, and the question on its passage to be engrossed was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the affirmative as follows, viz:—yeas, 29 nay 1.

The Senate next proceeded to the consideration of the bill to aid the construction of the Nashua and Lowell Railroad, and the question on its passage to a third reading was determined in the affirmative as follows, viz:—yeas 18, nays 13.

In the House, a bill, to prevent fraud in the measurement of grain, was reported.

The House resumed the consideration of the bill to regulate the sale of spirituous liquors: and the same having been further amended, the question on passing the same to a third reading was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the affirmative—yeas 229, nays 106.

In the Senate, Friday, April 6th, Bills passed to be enacted; A bill to incorporate the Archimedian Company; to incorporate the Howard Insurance Company; to incorporate the Westville Manufacturing Company;

Mr Alvord, from the special joint committee, submitted a detailed report on sundry petitions relating to the subject of Slavery, accompanied with resolves on the right of petition; also,

A detailed report, accompanied with resolves, on sundry petitions relating to Slavery and the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, and Territories of the United States; relating to the Slave Trade between the States; and relating to the admission of new States into the Union—and said resolves, were read, and with reports laid on the table, and 3000 copies ordered to be printed.

The bill concerning the reports of the decisions of the Supreme Judicial Court passed to a third reading.

In the Senate, on Saturday, April 7th, Mr Shaw, of Plymouth, from the Committee on Education, reported on an order of yesterday, that the printed copies of the Supplementary Report of the Board of Education be distributed as follows, viz:

Two copies to each member of the Council and of the Legislature; one to each town clerk for the use of the town; one copy to each of the School Committee in the Commonwealth; one copy for each district or public school in the Commonwealth; twenty copies to each member of the Board of Education; one hundred copies to the Secretary of the Commonwealth for general distribution, and the residue to the Secretary of the Board of Education; all of the above to be delivered from the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, except those intended for the members of the Legislature; and said order was adopted and sent down.

Bill reported: In addition to an act for the better instruction of youth employed in manufacturing establishments.

In the House, Saturday, April 7th, Mr Colby from the Committee to whom was referred the order yesterday, relative to the Bank Commissioners, reported a bill to alter and amend an act providing for the appointment of Bank Commissioners, which was read and ordered to a second reading on Monday.

A bill establishing additional terms of the Court of Common Pleas in the County of Middlesex, was read a third time, and indefinitely postponed.

A bill concerning the affairs of banking corporations was read a second time, and Mr Sturgis moved sundry amendments, but without taking any question thereon, the orders of the day were laid upon the table.

Mr Brimmer presented a petition of the city of Boston for power to introduce water therein.—Referred.

In the Senate, Monday, April 9th, the resolves on the Right of Petition, reported by the committee on the subject, were read a second time, and assigned for a third reading at 11 o'clock tomorrow.

In the House, the bill concerning the officers of banking corporations, was taken up and discussed. No question had been taken when the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, April 10th, Mr Fairbanks, from the special joint committee on the subject submitted a detailed report and Resolves in relation to a Congress of Nations, and said resolves were read, laid on the table, and, with the report ordered to be printed.

The resolves concerning the right of petition, were taken up, and the question being stated on the r passage to be engrossed, it was determined in the affirmative—yeas 33, nays none. Sent down for concurrence.

AFTERNOON.—The bill for the relief of insolvent debtors was taken up, and amended, and pending its consideration the Senate adjourned.

In the House, a petition of George Bancroft, Collector of the port of Boston, praying a cession of the jurisdiction of the sites of certain light-houses to the United States, were presented and committed.

A bill concerning the attachment of real estate was reported, read twice, and passed to a third reading.

The resolves relative to qualifying teachers of common schools, passed to be engrossed, and was sent up for concurrence.

AFTERNOON.—A petition of Foster Bryant and others, praying the aid of the State in prosecuting researches for coal in Mansfield and Bristol county, and memorials of Lucas Daggett and others, and Allen Tillinghast and others, in aid thereof, were presented and committed.

INTELLIGENCE.

Life Boat.—A life boat, with 400 fathoms of grass rope and other materials for wreckers, was recently taken to Rockaway, and placed in the house erected for that purpose, near the Marine Pavilion. The life boat was built of the best materials, by Mr E. De La Monbaquie, of this city, and after the model projected by the inventor, Mr Greathead, of England. She is 30 feet long and 19 feet in width, and filled with cork between her ceiling and sheathing. There are also air pipes along the sides under the thwarts, protected by wooden cases, and air pipes in the cuddies fore and aft. She rows with 10 oars double backed, and she has a shipping mast with a small lug sail, which she can use in any weather. From her construction she cannot be upset, and she will carry when filled with water, 9000 pounds of stone without sinking. Her draft of water is about five inches, and a proper vehicle has been provided to transport her from her station to any part of the coast where she may be wanted. The boat is under the charge of Mr Hewlett, of Rock Hall, and the wreck masters have been authorized to use her when wanted.—*N. Y. Cour. & Enq.*

Foreign.—London papers to March 1st have been received. There is no political news of much interest. We give the following extracts from papers of the latest dates.

The American Minister and the Turkish Ambassador, transacted business on the 24th, at the Foreign Department.

In the House of Commons, the Ministry has found itself in a minority on the motion made to call Mr O'Connell to the bar of the House, to receive a reprimand for having asserted that the committee on contested elections, had been guilty of foul perjury. The question was taken in various shapes, and in all decided against Mr O'Connell and the Ministers. It was supposed Mr O Connell would not attend in his place for the purpose of receiving the reprimand, with the view of forcing the House to order him to be taken into custody.

Book-keeping in the Bank of England.—The books of the Bank of England are said to be kept in triplicate, the original being at the Bank, one copy lodged in the Tower, and another in some place of safety.

Russia.—A short letter from Frankfort deserves attention. It is dated February 20:—'The Russian troops,' he writes, 'are gathering in Poland. There is a triple line of them along the frontier. Every traveller who attempts to pass is obliged to submit to the most rigid examination, and to explain to the authorities, and satisfy them by proof as to the nature of the business which takes him either into Russia or Poland. In default of this he is not permitted to pass the frontier, even though his passport have the *visa* of the Russian minister. Some important occurrence, which it is desirable to conceal, must either have taken place or be meditated in the interior. However, upon the fact which I have stated you may rely.'

We have found nothing from the Continent worth extracting, except the large grants required by the French Government for the maintenance of their requests in Africa. Numerous arrests continue to be made in Paris by order of the Government, but they create little attention.

Nothing decisive from Spain.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

Meeting Postponed.

The quarterly meeting of the Sunday School Society, appointed for the 8th inst., was postponed, and will be held on Sunday evening the 15th inst., at half past seven o'clock, at Amory Hall, corner of West and Washington Streets, where all who feel an interest in Sabbath Schools, and particularly those connected with them, are invited to attend.

ARTEMAS CARTER, *Recording Sec'ry.*
April 12th, 1838.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONVENTION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS.

THE Committee of the Congregational Charitable Society to relieve the families of deceased clergymen, appointed to nominate its beneficiaries, request information from ministers and others, on this subject. The age, the amount of property and of income, the number of children dependent on the mother, their sex and age, the ability of the widow to help herself, and the help she receives from others, are subjects, on which the Committee require precise information. This information must be communicated to Professor Palfrey, of Cambridge, on, or before, Saturday 19 May next, or to

JOHN PIERCE, of Brookline,
Chairman of the Committee.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Daniel K. Batchelder to Miss Elizabeth M. only daughter of William Bittle, Esq.

In Chelsea, by Rev. Mr Alger, Mr Joseph B. Stowers to Miss Nancy S. Tewksbury, daughter of Mr Phillip T.

In Weymouth, Col. Ira Curtis to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of T. Willis, Esq.

In Fitchburg, Mr Benj. D. Leverett to Miss Mary J. Benjamin.

DEATHS.

In this city, Miss Ardelia Williams, daughter of the late Henry Howell Williams.

In this city, on Friday April 6th, Charlotte W. youngest child of Rev. J. T. Sargent, 5 months.

In Cambridgeport, Mrs Mary Hovey, wife of Mr Josiah Hovey, 56.

In Durham, N. H. on the 8th ult. Mrs Martha W. wife of Richard Tibbitts, of Wilmington, N. C., and eldest daughter of the late Henry Mellen, Esq. of Dover, N. H., 37.

In Keene, N. H. 31st ult. Daniel Bradford, Esq. 67.

In Augusta, on the 5th inst. Capt Seward Forter, the enterprising individual who first established steam navigation on the coasts of Maine and Massachusetts.

In Charleston, S. C. 19th ult. Rev. William Henry Purviance, of New York, 26.

In Toledo, Ohio, Hon Baxter Bowman, 33—Judge of the County Court of Lucas.

In St. Pierres, Mart., 16th ult., suddenly, Capt. Mayhew, of sch. Emerald of Boston.

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POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty,
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage,
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and winevat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives,
These are Nature's ancient pleasures,
Which her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to rise?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling,
'Tis from it we see the skies.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness,
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MARINERS.

Raise we the yard and ply the oar,
The breeze is calling us swift away;
The waters are breaking in foam on the shore:
Our boat no more can stay, can stay.

When the blast flies fast in the clouds on high,
And billows are roaring loud below,
The boatmen's song, in the stormy sky,
Still dares the gale to blow, to blow.

The timber that frames his faithful boat,
Was dandled in storms on the mountain peaks,
And in storms, with a bounding keel, 'twill float,
And laugh when the sea-fiend shrieks, and shrieks.

And then in the calm and glistening nights,
We have tales of wonder, and joy, and fear,
And deeds of the powerful ocean sprites,
With which our hearts we cheer, we cheer.

For often the dauntless mariner knows
That he must sink to the land beneath,
Where the diamond on trees of coral grows,
In the emerald halls of Death, of Death.

Onward we sweep through smooth and storm;
We are voyagers all in shine or gloom;
And the dreamer who skulks by his chimney warm,
Drifts in his sleep to doom, to doom.

THE ASPEN.

There is a tradition that our Savior's cross was made of the wood of this tree, and that its leaves have thrilled and quivered ever since.

Daylight is closing, but the west
Still with the pomp of sunset glows
And crimson cloud on mountains's breast,
And tower, and spire, its radiance throws,
While one by one in eastern skies
'The stars which usher evening rise.'

How deep, how holy is the calm!
Each sound seems hush'd by magic spell,
As if sweet Peace her honied balm
Blent with each dew-drop as it fell.
Would that the cares which man pursue
A pause like this of nature knew!

Yet in this deep tranquillity,
When e'en the thistle's down is still,
Trembles yon towering aspen tree,
Like one whose by-gone deeds of ill,
At hush of night, before him sweep,
To scare his dreams and 'murder sleep.'

Far off in Highland wilds 'tis said,
(But truth now laughs at fancy's lore)
That of this tree the cross was made
Which erst the Lord of Glory bore,
And of that deed its leaves confess
E'er since a troubled consciousness.

We boast of clearer light; but say,
Hath science, in her lofty pride,
For every legend swept away,
Some better, holier truth supplied?
What hath she to the wanderer given
To help him on his road to heaven?

Say, who hath gazed upon this tree
With that strange legend in his mind,
But inward turn'd his eye to see
If answering feeling he could find,—
A trembling for that guilt which gave
His Savior to the cross and grave?

And who such glance did inward bend,
But scorn'd the apathy and pride
Which make him slight that more than friend,
For him who bled, for him who died:
Nor pray'd his callous heart might prove
What 'tis to tremble, weep, and love?

THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.

From the Christian Watchman.

HENRY MARTYN IN PERSIA.

How lone and dreary is the night!
The stars their vigil keep,
The silent moon rolls on her way,
And nature seems to weep.

Where are those friends? and where that home,
That was to me so dear?
What pathless oceans roll between!
How strange that I am here!

Was it for all this world of wealth,
So richly strown around—
That I forsook that blessed home,
And here a *stable* found?

Here I must languish—here must die,
There is no hand to save—
And when my throbbing pulse shall cease,
Will any make my grave?

It matters not. I came not here;
For all this world of wealth,
It was not for such paltry stuff,
I gave my *friends* and *health*.

It was for Jesus that I came,
This thought is heaven to me!
And cheerfully I yield my all,
My blessed God, to thee.

I die in peace;—oh bless the world!
'Tis pleasant here to die;
The waiting angels beckon me,
And Jesus, too, is nigh.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POLITICAL PREDICTIONS.

The following elegant article is from the pen of Dr T. N. Caulkins. We feel assured it will prove highly acceptable to our readers.

OUR COUNTRY IN 1887.

What will this Union be fifty years from this day? The cloud by day, the pillar of fire by night, the world to follow in their march of civilization and refinement! The morning of 1887 will dawn upon this nation doubled in extent, with Michigan and Iowa as the centre of civilization, and the unbegotten states of Oregon, Macedon, Columbia, and Pacificus, stretching along the ocean, called the Pacific States, with another tier of sisterhood lying along the Rocky mountains, by the name of the Middle, or Mountain States. What now are known as the Western, will then receive the appellation of the Eastern States; while the Western will be those bordering on the Pacific Ocean. Fifty millions of freemen will look upon that morn, and glory in the name, yielded by France, of the 'Great Nation.' Splendid cities will then exist where now the Indian, the lord of the dark forest around him, lies down upon his copper face, dreaming of the happy hunting grounds of his fathers with whom must soon dwell the whole human race. On that day a mere handful will be found lingering on the borders of the great deep that must at length engulf them. Where will then be the capitol of Michigan? In some inland city, near her centre, will its columns rise in magnificence and splendor. Branches of the University of Michigan will then be flourishing and imparting their cheering influence in every county throughout the state. Each county will have its temple of liberty, whose altar is the printing press; and each town its temple of worship, and its numerous schools, the nurseries of freedom, instructed by well taught teachers. Then perhaps the *schoolmaster* will be esteemed equal to the *cook* on a steamboat—a happy epoch in the march of human improvement. Where then will be the capitol of this Union? Possibly in the valley of the Mississippi—St. Louis may be the favored spot, or even the unbroken wilderness still farther west. And where, alas, will be the present citizens of our great republic? Then will

'Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep,'

The present dwellings of the earth will then have ceased their bustle—but little space will be held by them—and a new race of men, our children and children's children, will then manage the machinery of the world.

The above is not only the language of prophecy, but that of rational deduction from knowledge of the past and present. Even the boldest flights of the imagination, fifty years ago, could scarcely have been equal to the reality at the present hour. And may Heaven permit us to continue our glorious career, till all the nations of the earth are even as we are!

ROMANTIC NEW ENGLAND LEGEND.

Sir Charles Henry Frankland, son of a governor of Bengal, and descended from a family of England tracing its high lineage backward to the Norman conquest, visited America long previous to the war of the revolution, and held the office of collector of his Majesty's customs in Boston under the royal government of Massachusetts. His gay manners and licentious principles were better accommodated to the profligate circles of the courts where he had moved, than to the severe morality of puritan society. On some excursion in pursuit of pleasure or business, he chanced to visit Gloucester or Marblehead: which of these towns was the scene of his adventure is not precisely fixed by tradition. At the village inn he found a damsel of 'sweet sixteen,' without shoes or stockings but with the romantic name of Agnes Surrage,* engaged in the unromantic employment of scrubbing the stair case. Attracted by her appearance, the gallant knight went up and then came down again, until he fell in love with the bare-footed beauty. The grace of her attendance on the tea table aided the conquest, which was completed when he ascertained that the charms of personal loveliness were united to lively wit and a strong but uncultivated intellect. The fair maid of the inn became the companion of the nobleman, and returning with him to Boston, acquired the accomplishments of such education as the best instructers of the time could bestow.

The vigorous tones of moral feeling, which has existed and exerted its influence from the earliest day of New England, was outraged by the connexion unblessed with matrimonial rites. The companion of Sir Henry, surrounded with graces and accomplishments, was insulated amid a virtuous community. The stern reprobation of uncorrupted public opinion, drove the knight to seek a retreat beyond its censure for his frail associate. He purchased a wide domain in Hopkinton, and erected within its bounds, one of the most splendid mansions of the country. The approach was through noble avenues hewn out of the deep forest and overshadowed by ancient trees. There, during his summer residence he maintained the customs of his baronial ancestors in their feudal castles. The stud of horses and pack of hounds, with feast and festival, invited unscrupulous guests to the solitude of one of the quiet towns of the interior. A son by a former partner, named on the baptismal records of Hopkinton, Henry Cromwell, was inmate of the family, and during the absence of the lord, master of the revels. The house still stands, and although reduced from its aristocratic magnificence to republican simplicity, retains, in the fine old hall and rich tapestry hangings, relics of its former condition.

Sir Henry was appointed consul general in Portugal. He went to discharge the duties of his office accompanied by Agnes, and by her married sister. Selecting a country residence, his villa was near to Lisbon, but beyond the limits of the city.

The most violent convulsion the modern earth has experienced, well designated as the *great earthquake*, visited Lisbon November 1, 1755. With the first terrible shock, tower and emple, church and convent, palace and prison, were overthrown. Thirty thousand human beings perished almost instantaneously, within the city. The felons, liberated by a miracle, employed the first moment of their deliverance, in kindling fires which spread into general conflagration. When the desolation springing from natural causes had been exhausted, the malign passions of man, came in to aid the work of destruction.

On the day of the earthquake, Sir Henry, in his richest dress, had gone out to the city in his coach, to attend with the court on the celebration of high mass. As he went on, a hollow sound swelled in the air; the pavement broke into waves; the walls tottered on their foundations. His horses plunged down a chasm opened below their feet. Amid falling fragments, he sprang up the steps of a building, which fell as he entered, and he was borne down with the wreck. Providentially he sunk between two beams, supporting the weight of the impending mass, and leaving a space where he rested in security. By his side one miserable victim, a poor girl, was crushed, and in the agony of death tore his arm with her teeth.

Agnes remained at the villa until the deep sounds preluding the earthquake arose. At first they were supposed to be the voices of the multitude hailing the arrival of the procession of the religious ceremonial. When the ground trembled with the convulsion, she rushed from the house, which was swept away behind her departing steps, and clinging to an olive tree, escaped unhurt. Having recovered from the terrors of the fearful visitation, intense alarm for the fate of Sir Henry succeeded, and she sought him in the city. The armorial bearings on his carriage indicated the place where he was buried, and after the commotion subsided, his voice was heard from the ruins. His official station and the promises of splendid reward, induced laborers to engage in the work of rescuing the ambassador of England.

Buried beneath the ruins, in that dreadful time, Sir Henry had abundant leisure to review his sins. The intense peril waked slumbering conscience to bitter remorse: it excited good resolutions of reformation and atonement, if his life should be spared: among them one was sealed by a vow, to make Agnes his wife.

After many hours, he was extricated: and immediately espoused his companion, first, according to the rites of the Roman Church, and afterwards, in England, in the Episcopal form.

They returned to America. Every year, on the anniversary of his great deliverance, Sir Henry retired to a particular room of his house in Hopkinton, and secluding himself from every visitor, kept solemn fast. In the apartment, were hung the clothes he had worn in the ruins of Lisbon, torn, soiled, and covered with the lime and dust that had then gathered on them. He finally revisited England, and died at Bath, 11th January, 1768.

Lady Frankland remained at Hopkinton until the commencement of the war of the American Revolution. The family of an English Nobleman could not but incur the suspicions of the patriots, and her situation became dangerous. Removal to Boston being obstructed, she sought the protection of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, and received permission from one of its committees to proceed, with her effects, to the town. Notwithstanding the sanction of this high authority, excitement arose among the inhabitants of the vicinage from the preparations for departure. An armed party arrested her journey, and detained her person and effects, until the power of Congress interposed to liberate them from captivity. The leader of the captors was summoned to appear and answer for his indiscreet zeal, and the Congress resolved, that 'he should be gently admonished by the President,' and assured 'they were determined to preserve their dignity and power over the military.'

Lady Frankland sailed on her voyage to England, and was afterwards married to Major Drew of the royal army. While adjusting her hair before the mirror, in the preparation for a gay party, suddenly seized with mortal sickness, she fell and expired in the attire of the ball room.

Such is one of the narratives that have floated down in the traditions of New England. The particulars have been derived from the relation of a kind friend, and from the corroborative testimony of records and old papers. Some brief letters of Lady Frankland are preserved on the files of the Provincial Congress. The beauty of the graceful handwriting is occasionally marred by defects of orthography, showing the deficiency of early education.—*Worcester Ægis.*

* Debrett, (*Baronetage of England, vol. i. page* 271,) says that Sir Charles Henry married *Agnes*, daughter of —— Browne. The name, as written, is given by tradition.

A Rare Specimen of Nonsense.—'I was told a story of an American physician which is characteristic (if it be true) showing how patriotic regards may enter into the practice of medicine. But I give it only as an *on dit*. It is well known that Adams and Jefferson died on the 4th of July in one year, and Monroe, of another. Mr Madison died on the 28th of June last year. It is said that the physician who attended Mr Monroe, expressed regret that he had not the charge of Mr Madison, suspecting that he might have found means to keep him alive (as he died of old age) till the 4th of July. The practice in Mr Monroe's case is said to have been this: When he was sinking, some one observed what a remarkable thing it would be if he should die on the anniversary, like Adams and Jefferson. The physician determined he would give his patient the chance of its ending so. He poured down brandy and other stimulants, and omitted no means to keep life in the failing body. On the 3d of July, the patient was sinking so rapidly that there seemed little chance of his surviving the day. The physician's exertions were redoubled; and the consequence was, that on the morning of the 4th, there seemed every probability of the patient's living to the 5th, which was not exactly desired. He died (just as if he wished to oblige his friends to the last) late in the afternoon of the 4th. So the story runs.'

Agricultural Statistics.—While the total number of families in Great Britain has increased, between 1811 and 1831, from 2,544,215 to 3,414,174, or at the rate of 34 per cent. the number of families employed in agriculture has increased only from 895,998, to 961,134, or at the rate of 7 1-2 per cent. From a table designed to show the progress of agriculture in England during each of the 75 years between 1760 and 1769, when the average number of inhabitants of England and Wales was 6,850,000 souls; the quantity of wheat produced was more than sufficient for the home use, by 1,384,561 qrs. The Committee of the House of Commons, which sat in 1813, stated in their report that, through the improvements in cultivation, the produce had been increased one-fourth during the then preceding 10 years. The revenue drawn in the shape of rent has been doubled since 1790. In Essex, farms could be pointed out which were let just before the war of the French revolution at less than 10s. per acre, and which rose rapidly during the progress of that contest, until, in 1812, the rent paid for them was 45s to 50s per acre. This advance has not, it is true, been maintained since the return of peace; in 1818, the rent was reduced to 35s, and at this time is only 20s an acre, which is still more than double that paid in 1790. In Berkshire and Wiltshire there are farms which, in 1790, were let at 14s per acre, and which in 1810, produced a rent of 70s, being a five-fold advance. These farms were let in 1820 at 50s, and at this time pay 30s per acre, being 114 per cent. advance upon the rent paid in 1790. The extent of land brought into cultivation under inclosure acts, from the beginning of the reign of George III. to the end of 1834, is computed at 6,840,540 acres. A statement made out in May, 1827, gives the territorial surface of Great Britain, Ireland, and the adjacent islands, at 46,522,970 cultivated acres, 15,000,000 uncultivated, 15,873,463 unprofitable, being a gross surface of 77,301,434 acres.

False Staff *of Life.*—Mr Clarke, operator at Apothecaries' Hall, has been engaged by the Admiralty, in analysing fourteen hundred and sixty-seven sacks of flour, which were lying in warehouses at Hull. He took samples from each sack, and in some he found that upwards of a third was plaster of paris and ground bones, two of the most abominable ingredients, and which the stomach of neither man nor beast is capable of digesting. He sent specimens of this stuff baked, in many of its processess, to the Lords of the Admiralty. The person who owned it, and was about to send it to Spain or Portugal, was fined in the penalty of ten thousand pounds.—Mr Clarke has also analysed Souchong tea, and found there was twenty-five per cent of lead ore in it.

Wish you a merry Christmas.—During Christmas, as Mr Lukey, of Carminow, near Helston, sat by the fire, one evening, his ears were suddenly assailed by cries resembling those of an infant, which apparently proceeded from the chimney, where lay a huge log of wood. The cries continued to increase: he split the wood, and to his astonishment found a large toad entombed in the centre.

A Hint to Smokers.—The Leicester Chronicle records the death of an individual caused by excessive smoking. The deceased was of sound constitution, and, with the exception of cigars, temperate in every thing. He was seized with a sudden prostration of strength, which proved fatal in a few days. On a post mortem examination, the body exhibited 'no traces of disease.' The medical men attribute his death solely to the too great indulgence in smoking.

New kind of Fuel.—A Stockholm journal announces that M. Orgesson, a Swede, possessing extensive domains near Helsingfors, in Finland, has discovered a means of rendering peat as compact and hard as coal, so that it lights with great facility, burns without crackling, throws out a clear bright flame, and gives as much, if not more, heat than coal. The peat when prepared loses one-fifth of its weight, and three-eighths of its bulk, but gains the advantage of having the whole of its aqueous parts extracted.

Beautiful material for Paving.—A good deal of interest has been excited by the proposed application of the substance called asphaltic mastic to the purposes of paving. In France it has been found to answer extremely well for paving and road making, for covering in buildings as tiles, for arches of railways, and lining common sewers. In several places in Paris, and elsewhere in France, the footpaths are paved with this material. The Place Louis XV., and a conservatory at the Baron de Montmorenci's laid with this substance, are, in a certificate signed by Lords Elgin and Lincoln, and Sir J. Hay, Bart., described as a beautiful mosaic. It is understood that it is about to be applied on part of the Greenwich railway, with a view to preserve the arches of that extensive viaduct free from damp. Lord Duncannon also, as Commissioner of the Woods and Forests, has given up the road from Whitehall to Westminster-hall to be paved with this new material. Sir R. Peel, in a letter when in Paris, states that he had examined and greatly admired various places in that city which were paved with this mastic, of which the durability was such as to be unimpaired with the wear and tear of years.

Public Instruction in Russia.—An official report for 1836, by the Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, gives the following results;—There were 1,744 scholastic institutions under his direction, containing 91,800 students and scholars. The imperial public library contained 423,141 printed books, and 17,234 manuscripts, and there were twenty five public libraries established in different parts of the empire. There were imported during the year 350,000 volumes of foreign works, being a greater number than in any preceding year. The original works published in Russia were 674, besides 138 translations. There were 46 public journals, 78,700 copies of works for colleges were published by the ministry, and sent to the different institutions. The official publications issued from the same department amounted to 13,570; and in the archives there were preserved 64,000 documents.

The License System in Tennessee.—A law enacted during the late session of the Legislature runs thus:—

An act to repeal all laws licensing tippling houses, and for other purposes.

1. Be it enacted that an act passed the 15th of December, 1831, entitled an act to tax retailers of spirituous liquors and to appropriate the same to the use of common schools, also, so much of the fourth section of an act setting forth the property, real and personal, and the privileges and occupations liable to taxation in this State, as relates to the licensing and increasing the tax on those who retail spirituous liquors, be, and the same are hereby repealed.

2. Be it enacted, that hereafter all persons convicted of the offence of retailing spirituous liquors, shall be fined at the discretion of the court as in other cases of misdemeanor, and that portion of the second section of the act of 1815, chapter 293, which limits the fine to five dollars, be and the same is hereby repealed. *Provided*, That the fines and forfeitures accruing under the provisions of this act shall be appropriated to the use of common schools.

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